BREEZY AS A COUNTRY WALK

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 25. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 24, 1909. ONE PENNY.

OATINE
FOR MEN AFTER SHAVING

It has been said that a man's temperament day by day depends upon the condition of his razor. This may be, or may not be so, but the condition of his face after shaving certainly depends on the razor, and it is a fact that, never mind how fine a condition the razor may be in, the after-effect of shaving is a soreness and chapping of lips and face. This, unfortunately, cannot be avoided, but it can be minimised to such an extent that it is hardly noticeable by the use of good shaving soap, such as either the **Oatine Shaving Cream** (in tubes) or the **Oatine Shaving Stick**, both of which are British made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the **Oatine Soaps** for shaving, do so without delay.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 25. WEEK ENDING APRIL 24TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

SPRING.

NOT WRITTEN BY A POET.

It is a pity that so much drivel has been written about the most delightful of all our seasons. We have been almost taught to regard the Spring as something unreal, as a name, and not as an important factor in our lives.

We are in the midst of it now, and I ask you whether you do not feel that your blood is keeping pace with the rising sap in the trees and the shoots of the woodland undergrowth. Even the air seems to have risen to a new life and to be sweeter and more invigorating than ever before. All creatures haste to live, to enter the arena and answer the call to steep themselves in every fierce sensation, to give the body play and slake the thirsts of passion, to satisfy the myriad demands that nature sends to rouse the body to its work, the spirit to full and luscious consummation.

Here is your opportunity for taking yourself in hand. You are more of a man at this moment than you have been for six months past. And it is worth while to take yourself in hand. The need for system in business is admitted. It is also now understood that to secure progress in physical development you must work with method. So in the realm of pleasure. Take your joys systematically.

You have been allowing work and other interests to rob you of your needed period of rest and relaxation; you have been spending your money indiscreetly for the gratification of ambition, and for the inspiring of envy in others. Put this to rights.

Make out your daily programme, allowing a certain minimum number of hours for enjoyment, and as large and elastic a maximum as may be possible. Revise your method of spending your money so that you may have some left over for the joys of life.

Healthy joys, of course, for a man who is worth the name cares for no others. Save money to gratify your sporting ambitions. You have coveted membership of an athletic club; by a little management you can save enough to pay your subscription and to buy yourself an outfit.

Save a bit of course, but contrive by careful purchasing and management to have a bit more spending money.

In business life, too, Spring is the time for reformation. Drop arriving at the office by the last train available, and come a bit earlier—making up for it, if possible, by leaving a bit sooner at night.

Use your Springtime energy to work more quickly; rapid work takes no more out of you than work done slowly, but it makes the time pass more quickly and, best of all, it eventually brings you in more money.

And money is what we want, not that we may hoard it up, but that we may use it as a means for the fullest enjoyment of that excellent thing, life, which reaches the summit of its glory when the Springtime buds are bursting. F. LYDON.

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CHEEK.

"At the present moment," says Sir James Crichton-Browne, "havoc is being played with life and limb by rats in this country by the side of which motor-car accidents sink into insignificance." Did our ears deceive us, or did someone whisper "Rats"? Or, more dreadful thought still, has Winston been running amok?

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While confined in Holloway, Lady Constance Lytton, the Suffragette, being refused ink, wrote down her thoughts in her own blood. We understand that an enterprising stationer is shortly going to start a new line in Blue Blood Inks.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Guy Thorne has written a series of short stories under the title of "The Golden Girl." Did he meet her when it was dark, and her golden hair was——?

* * * * * * *

Little Tich, we understand, is seriously annoyed. He daren't smoke in public now for fear of being haled before the nearest beak.

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"We mean to keep the command of the seas, but we have our own conception of how that command is to be kept," says Mr. Haldane. We should rather call it a misconception.

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A Willesden firm has in practical operation a scheme of "cooking by wind." Some of us find all too much difficulty in raising the wind for anything to cook.

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"If the motor-car has produced greater alertness among a large number of persons," says the *Car*, "the aeroplane will still further intensify this tendency. . . . ." There is a sinister ring about this prophecy that likes us not.

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Mr. Thomas Rose, an octogenarian road-sweeper, of Cheam, Surrey, has refused to apply for an old age pension, preferring to go on working. In fact, Mr. Rose wants the State to leave him blooming (well) alone.

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We are sorry to hear that the Government have been conducting a lottery. They ran a raffle at Croydon. But there were not enough subscribers to make the venture a success.

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Although Mr. Bottomley was very flowery in his address to the jury in the action brought against him by a retired miller, it was the miller who got the verdict, and also the "dough"—£1,831 of it.

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Boat-race reflection: A great stroke is Bourne, not made.

* * * * * * *

Jupiter, it appears, has a five hours' day. We cordially recommend the Labour Party to go to Jupiter, and to take with them all the Socialists and anti-Territorials they can find, but it will be rather rough on Jupiter. NORMAN FRASER.

LEARNING THINGS.

HINTS FOR THE NOVICE IN SPORT.

The other day while dressing at a certain athletic club, one of our men began chatting about golf. It is not a game practised by any of the rest of us, but it was noticeable that nobody admitted this. Those who took any interest in what he was telling us about the links, pretended that they did play a bit; they did not exactly say so, but they recalled what allusions they had read about the game, and trotted them out so as to show some sort of passing acquaintance with it.

I have observed the same thing many times in connection with sport, and I suppose it is only human that we should like to conceal our ignorance, but it is not the way to learn.

If you fancy a sport but do not know the ropes, the sensible plan is to say: "I'd awfully like to take that up, old chap, but I don't know anything about it."

Ten to one the reply will be: "Well, I'd like to teach you," for it is characteristic of the sportsman that he enjoys sharing his pleasure with others.

There is much enjoyment in learning a new sport. Your clumsiness takes the conceit out of you, but you don't mind that.

Presently there comes the triumphant moment when you have mastered the new art and have thereby added to your claim to being considered an all-round sportsman, which is a title to be proud of.

You want to be careful in your selection of a teacher, for there are some men, unfortunately, who take pleasure in making fun of a beginner.

In swimming, for example, there are some who will willingly offer to teach you, but who, when they support you in the water, will, from time to time, give you unnecessary and most uncomfortable dips below its surface. These people have a perverted sense of humour, and you will do well to select as your instructor some hearty, sympathetic chap who will take a sort of fatherly interest in your progress, and who, if he teaches you swimming, will do it most gently, either coming into the water with you and supporting you properly, or else doing it with a pole and a rope from the side of the bath.

Everybody knows how to cycle in these days, but if you were teaching a novice you would not put him on a machine at the top of a steep hill and set him flying down it; if you did that, you would break his nerve for all time—and very possibly his neck. Yet this is the system adopted by some who teach the novice.

I have known men who took a keen delight in teaching others to spar, and their method was to knock them out in the first round. I have known others who would get a beginner on a horse, and then give it a bender from behind and set it in a mad gallop.

This sort of treatment makes a very promising beginner into a very unpromising coward.

THOMAS CRAWFORD.

FOR OUTDOOR MEN.

It has always been a mystery to me that rain, and rainy days and nights, should be so universally condemned by mankind. To the town-bred and town-working man there are few phases of weather more heartily disliked, but even in the country it is only on rare occasions that one meets with men who regard rain with anything more than mere toleration, and this by reason of its utilitarian qualities. Frequently even the farmer, to whom all weathers are familiar, will, while he sighs with pleasure at the downpour, take good care to keep under cover.

And so it comes about that the mention of rain rouses from one end of the land to the other a feeling of dismay. Yet there is no more reason why we should avoid rain than that we should try and escape the spring sunshine and the first glimpses of the purple crocus, or the dark green spikes of the bluebell pushing their way through the carpet of twigs and leaves and sweet-smelling brown bark of trees in the copse at the roadside.

There is in truth an infinite delight and beauty in walking through the rain, and best of all through the steady sloping streamlets of rain that come shooting down from a sky uniformly dun and waterlogged, driven unceasingly across the land before a romping north-west wind.

INTO THE HEART OF THINGS.

Protected reasonably, and as lightly as may be, against the soddening downpour; with a light cape that reaches down to the knees, and stout bracing leggings that reach upward from the country boots, the walker through the steady driven rain can find a pleasure second to none in all the catalogue of sports and joys.

Setting out upon a ten-mile tramp in such a fall brings a man nearer to the heart of things than poring over books and business, though it may not fill the pockets with the yellow coin.

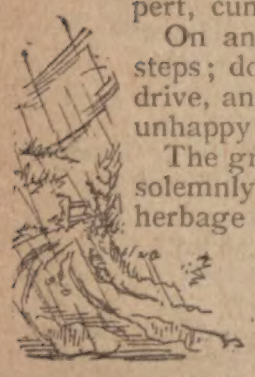
Such tramps remain with a man when most other things have faded, and he rejoices in the memory of the days on which he faced the wildest winds and rains and forced them to deliver up the secrets of their influence and vigour and to admit him to full fellowship with Nature.

Setting out with never a thought of turning again home, the blistering spikes of water lash and flap the face, as if indignant that a mere human being should dare to brave such penetrating shafts.

But rain, in truth, has nothing in its heart of bitterness. Soon the drops fall caressingly upon the skin, grown ruddy, warm, and welcoming to the downpour.

WARMING TO IT.

The eyes no longer blink at every drop that beats upon them; the body's warmth keeps up an even fight against the drops that find the crevices of the walker's out-door armour, and a gentle feeling of warmth and all-round comfort and "seaworthiness" radiates through every limb. The road maintains the iron hardness of its surface as the waters trickle off in little parallel rivulets into the unpaved gullies at the side, down the long diagonally-cut trenches across the side walks of rough grass, and so into the ditches newly cleared and trimmed by expert, cunning workmen.



On and on one walks with swinging footsteps; down and ever down the sheets of water drive, and all around are signs of patient yet not unhappy endurance of the deluge.

The grazing cattle turn their tails to the wind, solemnly stepping forward picking up the herbage as they go, their steaming flanks reacting to the colder rain; the lonely cottage roof drips with monotonous regularity; the fowls huddle together beneath the thick-set hedge, poking here and there in amongst their feathers with dexterous beaks, spreading the water-proofing oil about their backs; a few ducks swim contentedly upon the road-side pond now gradually discolouring with the yellow mud washed into it with surface water.

The lambing ewes cluster for shelter round the straw-laced hurdles or stand bleating by the bramble hedge that tears their ragged fleeces; and as the labouring man passes with a gruff but kindly "'Morning," a miller's sack thrown round his stooping shoulders, you notice that his heavy boots are taking toll of the well-made road at every step. The rain has softened the macadam face, and you yourself are walking softly as if on grass and pebbles mixed.

LIVING!

A smothered, delicious grinding sound accompanies each step, as the surface of the road grows soft with much soaking, and the ferrule of your stout and smooth-barked ash companion throws in advance a splash of soft light mud at every swing.

And still before you on the northern limit of the view there rise up like a spreading angry hand the sodden clouds that arch and grow as they approach and pour their floods indifferently upon all.

You experience the delicious feeling of battling with something greater than yourself—and winning.

On, on you tramp, in sympathy and yet in conflict with the opposing wind. Anxious care can have no place in such a setting.

All is sheer life, and vigorous effort, and robust enjoyment; and as you reach the summit of a gentle highway hill, lined on each side with towering, dripping elms, you see across the little valley the solitary highway public house on which your thoughts have more than once been fixed.

This glimpse from your rural Pisgah height encourages you to amend your pace, for Canaan lies before you, changed only in the happy knowledge that warming ales and other rewards, as well as home-made bread and cheese, and home-killed meat, have filled the place of ancient "milk and honey."

A UNIVERSE OF GREY.

From the hill top to the far horizon no sign appears of breaking clouds; the stream of dark and undefined grey masses seems interminable; the rainy mist almost obscures the view of middle distance scenes and objects; while around you just a foot above the ground a grey blue haze is constant, formed there by the rain rebounding in a million tiny splashes from the pools and sodden surface of the highway.

A little later, as you stamp your rain-soiled boots upon the flagged approach to the "White Horse," and give your cap a swinging swish upon the threshold of the inviting parlour, you feel that rain, incessant rain, is worth a thousand sunny days. And later still, as in satisfied contentment you smoke and let your thoughts and memory wander where they will, the glamour of the open air comes home to you.

With legs outspread before the crackling wood fire you close your eyes, perhaps you doze, and in your fitful dream you see yourself once more upon the road, swinging along through the still driving rain towards home—and warmth—and rest.

C. Easton-Grey.

ETIQUETTE.

VII. ENTERTAINING.

Even if you are a bachelor living in rooms or chambers you may wish to entertain your best girl and her mother, while if you have a sister or other female relation keeping house for you, or are a married man, it is very necessary that you should be able to play the host gracefully and tactfully.

You should be ready to receive your guests at least ten minutes before the appointed time. People, it is true, are more given to arriving late than early, but sometimes a guest is more than on time, and nothing looks worse than to see the host rushing in at the last moment, having obviously dressed in a tearing hurry.

During the dreaded wait before dinner you should move about among your guests, chatting here and there, making such introductions as are necessary, telling the gentlemen whom they are to take in to dinner, but at the same time keeping yourself alert to receive a new-comer.

Dinner announced, you offer your arm to the principal lady, who may hold this position by virtue of her own or her husband's rank, age, or some such special circumstances as being a bride making her first appearance in society after her marriage, and place her at table on your right hand.

It is not usual to say grace at a formal dinner-party unless a clergyman is present, when he should always be asked to pronounce a blessing.

What follows depends on the style of your dinner-party. If it is a big affair, the carving being done "off," you have really nothing to do except attend to the wants of the guests in your immediate vicinity and keep the conversational ball rolling.

But if you are doing your own carving, remember to study individual tastes, asking your guests, particularly the ladies, whether they prefer head or tail in the case of fish, meat well or underdone, leg or wing of chicken, and so on.

Don't overload the plates. Rather give a small helping, inviting the guest to "come back again." Don't press people to take a second helping. A most irritating type of host is the man who keeps on saying, "Oh, you must have another cut," practically forcing you in the end to eat more than you want.

The host himself should eat with care—I don't mean as regards the viands—but you should try to arrange to finish just after the last guest has done, although custom gives the carver ten minutes' grace. But don't mop up your food in such a hurry that you are done before your guests.

Naturally when the ladies rise you open the door for them, and then invite the men to draw up their chairs. At a big dinner-party the host often moves to his wife's chair when the ladies have departed, simply because the principal man present will have taken in the hostess, and the host should now talk to him.

When the guests depart, the host should personally see them off.

What has already been said of home dinners holds good in the case of those given at an hotel or restaurant; as before, the host takes charge of the principal lady, and the seating and table arrangements are the same. See to it, however, that your guests have not to make any disbursements for cloak room fees.

Dinner over, you should ask one of the men to look after the ladies while you settle the bill. If, as is often the case, you are taking the party on to some entertainment, and two or three cabs are necessary, pay the cabmen before they start, or arrange to arrive first at the destination and have the money ready to pay each cab as it arrives.

In conclusion, here are one or two golden rules for a host. Don't disparage your dinner; it looks as if you were fishing for compliments. Be cordial, but don't overdo it; a gushing or fussy host is a nuisance. Keep your head, and treat your guests as you would like to be treated when a guest.

E. H. Hill.

Sporting Life.

A TURF SKETCH.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

I was at Kempton Park on the day Tirara won the Duke of York Stakes at the accommodating price of 20 to 1, and we waited for the band in the Reserved Enclosure to strike up the "Tirara—Boom-de-ay!" that we did not feel like singing, having planked it down on the second to a man.

I think a peculiar halo of verdancy must have surrounded my person that day, for all the pro.'s had tried the ancient and time worn dodges upon me, and as one on nodding terms with most of the leading owners, I resented this. Various "horse scrappers" in the Paddock, with a laudable desire to be on "something to nothing"—most excellent odds—had drawn me aside mysteriously and whispered that "ours is sure to win the next race. Tried a certainty!" Gentlemen, dressed in Bond Street style, had borrowed my pencil and blandly asked if they could put my tenner on with the stable commission for So-and-So, a horse I knew to be out for little but an airing.

Tirara having won the Duke of York Stakes, and incidentally spoilt my day which had promised well, I thought it wise to inspect the beauties of the Paddock. There *are* times when the oily smiles of the Chosen People are unbearable.

A man attired as a publican of high degree, with a masonic sign hanging to his watch chain, approached me.

"Nice turn up for the bookies, this, ain't it?" he volunteered. "They'll be singin' Tirara—Boom-de-ay to-night, bathin' in champagne while the punters are neckin' half-pints of bitter. Really, sir, it makes a man feel fit to chuck up the licensed victuallin' business and take to——"

"Your observations," I interrupted cuttingly, "are so full of common-sense that I wonder you waste them on me, as you have on several occasions this afternoon. Look here, sir, I have had about enough of this little game, and you can take that injured innocence expression off your face at once. Sorry as I should be to fall out with either the London Mob or the Birmingham Mob—you see, I am pretty well versed in the ethics of racing—I should really be obliged if you would try someone else.

"First of all you addressed me in the highly polished tone of the 'Varsity that probably saw you sent down. Then you were dressed for the part of an aristocratic owner with a good thing in the first race, which you were anxious to impart to the first stranger you met, kindly suggesting at the same time that the aforesaid stranger should entrust a 'pony' or so (for legitimate investment, of course) in your hands.

"I've seen you at other meetings making a favourite popped up. Once I believe you announced to a plebeian crowd at Liverpool that you had ridden winners for a famous trainer—long since dead, of course—and therefore you were an inspired tipster, chock-full of stable secrets.

"Now like a quick change artist, in the guise of a licensed victualler, you're trying it on again. Well, sir, if you've anything to say we start fair, don't we?"

"Perfectly," he answered, admiringly. "I'll admit I'm one of the London Mob, and, between you and me, we can give the Brummagem Boys points. There's a bobby over there. Wake him up and give me in charge—for loiterin' with felonious intent!"

He laughed grimly.

"Prisoner," he went on dreamily, as if quoting from some incident not rare in his career, "have you any questions to ask the witness, or anything to say why you should not be committed for trial at the Quarter Sessions? . . . . No, sir, I should never ask *you* any questions. Why, I should have taken you for a 'split' myself if I didn't know exactly every one of them at Kempton this lovely afternoon. The bobby still sleeps over there, sir. To be, or not to be?"

"No thanks," I said. "I don't want my life made a little tin hell at every race meeting by your particular Mob. I've nothing against them or you—you understand?—but you might confine yourself to the real Jugginses. Devote your attention to what Tennyson calls 'The gold that gilds'—

"'The straightened forehead of the fool,'" he finished. "Oh, I've not forgotten my Tennyson. I was quite a promising youth at first. Won an Exhibition at one of the colleges—names don't matter—and got in the right set, bound, by special Pullman, to Perdition, and that Car *never* gets side-tracked. We used to play poker in our rooms most of the night. I was supposed to have brains once, and I used them at that Nameless College, mainly for the Science of Card-playing, but if you don't get the cards to play with it's five to two against science every time.

"Luck? Good Lord, it was dead against me. If ever I backed a horse, my friends would blot that out of the race as having no chance. Of course, I had to go to Israel to stand the racket. When I came of age, I came into somewhere about fifty thou' ready, and the first thing I had to do was to go round and pay off those little sixty per cent. items. Then, being an ignorant young coxcomb, I became a race-horse owner, a sort of demi-god. Went driving a four-in-hand to Ascot, packed with chorus girls and cases of champagne—you know the sort of thing?"

"Rather," I said warmly, keenly wishing I spoke from experience.

"Of course, I hadn't a great deal of time to attend to my racin' stud, bein' far too busy in other unprofitable directions. All this time my trainer was fairly getting things up for me. It turned out afterwards that he was in the swim with two or three of the 'heads.' Well, bar an occasional Selling Plate, my horses got into a bad habit of finishin' right down the course—more especially when I plunged extra heavily on them.

"The trainer used to work all the betting business for me and send me a bill to settle regularly every Monday morning. There were only a few items in those little bills, but they were far from small.

"I was an out-and-out ass in those days, and I never questioned him. Mind you, I don't say I hadn't my suspicions, but I never let them bear fruit.

"I thought, between you and me, that it was rather a fine thing than otherwise to be done by one's own trainer. There was a smack of the fast life about it, you know. It was the sort of thing you read about.

"But it couldn't go on for ever, and I began to find myself getting short of the ready, and that wasn't comfortable.

"But I went on with it and him, always hoping something would win and put me on my feet again, but my luck was dead out.

"It wasn't until I was on the verge of bankruptcy that I started to put figures together, as the Official Receiver says. Then I took my kind mentor, the trainer, into my confidence. He told me that the only thing now left for me was to retrieve my fortunes with one splendid coup—and I had one horse in the stable which was certain to do it, he said. In fact he was so dramatic about this affair that I should have thought he was understudyin' the hero's part in 'Kissing Cup's Race,' if Camembert Cheese hadn't been the precise name of the animal who was going to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the house of——"

"Smith," I suggested. "There's something delightfully vague about Smith."

"Smith *is* right! Well, I went down mornin' after mornin' in the roseate hues of early dawn to see this animal at work, and he could hop it, if you like!

"We had entered him in a big race at Newmarket and feared only one horse, trained near by to my stables, called Cherrington.

"Now Cherrington's trainer and my trainer were pals, or, to be precise, they were devils in league with one another, but I was trustful in those days. However, to cut a long story short, we managed to have the pair tried together one mornin'. Camembert Cheese fairly rolled home, and I began to see myself recovering some of my money.

"Now you must know, sir, that up to that time I had never stepped aside from the path of racing righteousness, so that the King himself could not have been ashamed to congratulate me on winning the Derby, if I had ever brought it off. But it was at Newmarket that the Tempter first claimed me for his own, and it was like this.

"As soon as they opened bettin' on the fatal race, Camembert Cheese was made a hot favourite at about two to one, and as I had totalled up my cash assets and the limit of my credit with the ring, the gross total being none too large, two to one was not the price for me.

"Cherrington, however, stood at tens, and then an evil thought struck me. Why not pull Camembert Cheese, and let Cherrington win? We know those two were practically the only triers.

"I timidly suggested it to my trainer, who thought it a beautiful idea. So I went in the Ring right smart and snapped up all the long odds about Cherrington. Then we put the stable jockey up on Camembert Cheese with strict instructions not to worry himself unduly.

"'Off!' My trainer stood there, grasping my hand and all that sort of thing. I felt sorry I couldn't supply a tearful heroine, all correct. They were nearin' us now.

"'I'll bet ten to one, bar Cherrington!' a bookie yells, as they came into the Straight, and Cherrington was bang in front on the rails. But I was congratulatin' myself too soon. Somethin' shot out right from behind the bunch. It was Camembert Cheese, comin' like the gale, and Cherrington was whacked to the wide. I knew I had been sold. I was what the dramatists call 'rew-ined.'

"'Fav'rite's rollin' home!' they yelled. And Camembert Cheese won by——"

"A short head?" I suggested excitedly.

"No. Six lengths!" he growled. "There was no 'Kissing Cup' about Camembert Cheese! Ta, ta! The numbers are up for the fourth race, and they tell me Let Go the Painter is a pinch."

* * * * * * *

Ten minutes later, the supposedly somnolent policeman addressed me in the Ring.

"What are your initials, sir?" he asked.

I told him.

"Then I expect this is your watch," he said, producing an ancient but good chronometer.

It was. For the first time I noticed its absence from my waistcoat pocket.

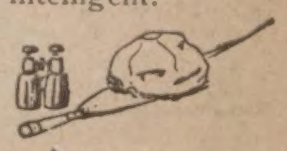
"Where the deuce did you get it?" I asked.

"Oh, I saw 'Telling-the-Tale Charlie' spinning his old, old story to you, so I thought he'd sort of——"

"Take author's fees?" I suggested.

"'H'm. Yes, sir. But he's sold the copyright, if you look at it like that, dozens of times!"

Really, some policemen are most intelligent.



Cup Final Notes

THE PREPARATION.

Erroneous ideas exist as to the ordeals through which the players are put before the final. It is supposed in some quarters that they are subjected to all the rigours of the most drastic training.

Such is not the case.

The players are taken generally to a seaside resort, where they are housed in a comfortable and quiet hotel.

At 7.30 in the morning they get up and have a leisurely stroll along the sea front, after which breakfast.

Then they loaf for an hour or so and finally get into sweaters and have a sharp walk for a couple of miles, a slow trot for a mile, and then they turn their faces homewards. They always run for the last half-mile or so to bring out a perspiration.

On reaching the hotel they have a bath and a change, and find themselves possessed of an extremely healthy appetite for a substantial mid-day dinner.

The foods are simple and wholesome, but meat and fish and every other esteemed article of diet is provided. Half-a-pint of beer is allowed with dinner and another with supper.

During the afternoon there is a fresh spell of light work, generally a practice with the ball. The evening is spent in strolling about, and by ten o'clock the men are in their little beds.

It must be remembered that men who have weathered seven months of hard football are necessarily in the pink of condition already, and the week they spend in training for the Final is more of a holiday and a rest than anything else.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

What is done with the gigantic gates that are drawn at the Final and the semi-Finals?

The Football Association nets the lot and pays all its expenses for the past year. The balance is then most carefully divided up, and account is taken of the number of times each club has played and of the amounts of each individual gate.

This involves a mathematical problem that might well baffle the average University professor, but that the division is justly made is evidenced by the fact that there are no complaints.

The Cup Finalists themselves can count on a sum anywhere between £2,000 and £2,500.

THEN AND NOW.

On Saturday we shall see well over 100,000 spectators at the Cup Final; this is just fifty times as many as turned up at the first Final ever played.

The 2,000 which witnessed that match in 1871 was considered an astonishingly large number, and there were heated newspaper discussions as to whether the nation was going football mad.

Had any of the writers been gifted with the mantle of a prophet, their pens would probably have dropped from their paralysed fingers.

Four years later the number of spectators had declined to 1,500 when the Wanderers beat the Old Etonians, winning the Cup for the third time in succession and entitling them, according to the rules then in vogue, to keep it for ever.

The Wanderers generously presented the Cup to the Football Association, on condition that no team should ever be allowed to win it outright in future, a rule which holds to-day and is likely to hold as long as football lasts.

VALUE OF FOOTBALL CUPS.

The English Cup was established mainly at the instigation of Mr. C. W. Alcock, who, besides being an ardent cricketer, was one of the founders of the Football Association.

On July 20th, 1871, a resolution was passed in committee "that it is desirable that a Challenge Cup should be established in connection with the Association, for which all clubs should be invited to compete."

The Cup itself cost only £20, and the money for its purchase was contributed by the clubs which first strove for the possession of it.

The original Cup was stolen shortly after Aston Villa had won it. They had put it on exhibition in a shop window in Birmingham, from which it disappeared.

The present Cup is an exact reproduction of the original, but cost a trifle more to make, its intrinsic worth being estimated at £25.

The English Cup is thus the least valuable of all football trophies of importance.

The Welsh Cup, which weighs over 15 lbs., cost £120, and is considered the most beautiful cup in existence.

The Scottish Cup cost a little over £50, the London Senior Cup cost £100, the London Junior Cup £30, and the London Charity Bowl £70.

The cost of the Dewar Shield is unknown, but its intrinsic worth is estimated at £250. The Bass Charity Cup, presented by the late Lord Burton, weighs over 20 lbs. and is worth at least £150.

THE PLACE WHERE.

One has come to associate the Crystal Palace with the Cup Final, but it is only within the past few years that the Palace has been definitely fixed as the locale of this great match.

From 1871 to 1885 the struggle for the Cup took place in London.

In 1886 the Blackburn Rovers replayed at Derby after drawing at the Oval. From 1887 to 1892 London was again the scene of the Cup Final. In 1893 the Final was played at Everton, and in 1894 at Manchester.

It was shortly after this that the arrangement was made between the Crystal Palace Company and the Football Association whereby the latter bound itself to have the Final played at the Palace for a number of years.

It is well that this is so, for nowhere else would the contest draw such gigantic crowds.

The Palace is a pleasant place to spend a day at under any circumstances, and the fact that the Final is played there induces many to attend who are not sufficiently enthusiastic about football to go to a match under other circumstances.

They make an annual holiday of it, in fact, and regard it more as an outing than as a sporting treat. This class does not by any means include the majority of the spectators, but it amounts to a very fair proportion.

Be this as it may, the gate money is thereby swelled, so the enthusiast has no reason to complain.

EVERTONIANS, MISS THIS PAR.

One of the most laughable fiascos that have ever taken place in the world of football was the defeat of Everton by the Wolverhampton Wanderers.

The supporters of Everton were so sure of victory that they hired brass bands to welcome the team when it returned with the Cup. Every shop was sold out of fireworks a couple of days before the great event, and fresh supplies were hurriedly forwarded, only to be bought up as quickly as they could be unpacked.

The enthusiasm even spread to the civic dignitaries of the town, who, dressed in their robes and chains, awaited the arrival of the victors.

Every arrangement was most carefully made so that Everton should have a welcome that would remain in the memories of all who witnessed it.

There was just one slight accident.

The other side won.

WHERE THE CUP GOES.

Up till 1883 the Southern teams had matters practically all their own way, the Cup going to Oxford University, the Royal Engineers, the Old Carthusians, the Clapham Rovers, and the Old Etonians.

In that year, however, the tide of victory turned, and during the years between then and now only three times have Southern teams appeared in the Final, and only once has a Southern team been victorious.

Blackburn has had it six times, the Rovers holding it five times, and the Olympic once.

Lancashire can boast of having won the Cup ten times, thus having left all the other counties miles behind.

Next comes Warwick, which, owing to the efforts of Aston Villa, has held the Cup four times.

Staffordshire follows close upon her sister county with three victories, two of which were to the credit of West Bromwich Albion and one to that of the Wolves. The ability of the Sheffield teams has brought the Cup three times to Yorkshire.

IN DEFENCE OF THE MATCH.

One is used to hearing adverse criticisms of the match, and talk about "misplaced enthusiasm," but there is much to be said for it.

It has given to thousands a healthy open-air holiday and the excuse for a first visit to the metropolis, whither it enables the railway companies to carry them at reduced prices.

The sight of the pick of our British athletes striving their utmost for the blue ribbon of the Soccer world, cannot fail to arouse the spirit of emulation and lead to a healthy desire to attain their physique.

THE FOOTBALL AT FINALS.

The winning of the Cup is not only the ambition of each team collectively but of every man in that team individually; for this very reason the play at a Final is rarely as good as that at a Cup Tie.

At the Final the men are doing absolutely their utmost.

Their engagements for the season are done. They have nothing further for which to husband their strength, and so they let themselves go.

Headlong individual effort takes the place of scientific combination, and impetuous rushing takes the place of systematic passing.

Too much depends upon the match. A man plays his best when the stake is not too high.

The absolute collapse of the Hyde team was wholly due to the disastrous effects of excitement. Preston North End beat them by twenty-six goals to none, a score, which, even allowing for the North Enders' marvellous ability at that time, showed that something serious was wrong.

We may contrast this with the splendid game when in 1897 Aston Villa beat Everton by three goals to two.

At first both teams showed evidences of excitement, but gradually they settled down into their finest style and played a match which Lord Rosebery described as an Olympian struggle which he should never forget.

A good Final like this, however, is the exception rather than the generality.

P. R. Sims.

TERRITORIAL GROWLS.

A PROTEST.

Territorialism has lately had a big and deserved boom, and it was high time for it, but I venture to think that unless the methods of some corps in dealing with their recruits are reconsidered, they will be in danger of losing much of the ground they have gained during the last few months.

I speak from experience, for I am an enthusiastic Territorial, and have the cause much at heart, and I am therefore sorry to find anything in the treatment of new recruits that is likely to break their spirit or deter their friends from joining.

Yet it is undeniable that in many corps things are made unnecessarily hard for the recruit. The Sergeant-Majors and Sergeant-Instructors are the people usually to blame. They are almost invariably regulars, and possess exhaustive knowledge, almost mechanical, of the drill-book, even down to the funeral ceremonial—when at the command "Rest on your arms reversed," you "turns yer rifle hupside down, and assumes a mournful haspect."

They are often martinets, chosen for their smartness in drilling a squad, and with an extraordinary capacity for making a man look a fool.

Now the average man does not like to be made to look a fool, and it does not tend to inspire him with a love of soldiering if he is held up to ridicule and sarcasm before the whole squad every time he makes some trifling mistake.

It would be just as satisfactory to let the men down easy at first. Of course this would need a considerable amount of patience, as anyone who has drilled a squad of recruits can tell you—they all seem just at first to be congenital idiots, and to have got put together all wrong—but it is more important to look at the thing from the recruit's point of view, for he is not used to military discipline, and resents being nagged at.

True, he would get it, and more also, if he joined the regulars, but that is different. The Territorial is giving up his leisure time, and perhaps much besides, to be taught to serve his country, not to be insulted, and if he experiences the latter treatment, the fact is likely to influence his friends against joining.

When he is a trained man, he can look back upon his trials with amusement, and he will probably acquire no small respect and admiration for the Sergeant-Major, who is really the best of fellows.

But as a recruit he hates him.

My own corps happens to be a mounted one, and I was particularly struck with the brutality of the Sergeant-Major at "Recruits' Rides."

Having myself just been transferred from an infantry corps, I was sufficiently used to distinguishing and acting upon words of command to escape the lash of his tongue. Moreover, I could ride moderately well.

Many of my companions, however, had never been across a horse before, and I could not help admiring their pluck, for they were no screws that they gave us to ride. Yet if these absolute beginners, whose luckless bodies were being tossed and buffeted by the saddle, failed to keep the correct distance from the man in front, to guide their horses successfully round in a circle on the word "Circle Right," or to number off smartly, a vocabulary, more reminiscent of the proverbial trooper than of a Warrant Officer, was let loose upon them.

I have seen a man on his first ride bolted with across the school, seen the look of terror on his face and the sweat on his brow, and wondered how any man could swear at him and treat him like some boy that has got into mischief and ought to know better.

Let it not be thought that I am trying to deter anyone from joining—the man of spirit will not be affected by such a little thing, and the man without spirit will be no great loss to the Force—but it is undoubtedly a point that many Adjutants would do well to look into.

John Gervaise.

HIS DESTINATION.

It was not Trooper Kernahan, of the "King's Own," neither was it Trooper Stephen or Trooper Carteret, once known as the Wisp, but three gallant yeomen who had become fired with military ardour through reading the adventures of The Modern Man's own dashing but incorrigible Territorial.

And so it happened that during the manœuvres they were particularly anxious to discover the destination of a certain scout of the opposing force, and to learn it, they hied them to a roadside inn and made inquiries of the maiden who attended thereto.

"Did a man on a horse call here?" asked Trooper Smith.

"That he did," replied the young woman simpering. "But you're not going to do what he did! I've had quite enough, and besides I've got a young man of my own."

She drew the back of her hand across her mouth to make certain there were no crumbs adhering to it, but none of the gallant yeomen accepted the invitation; their hearts were set on military matters to the exclusion of all else—for a time.

"Where did he go?" asked one.

The girl pointed westwards across the heath.

"Oh! he's gone to reconnoitre," remarked another of the troopers.

"Yes," said the maiden, "that's it. I forgot the name of the place for the moment, but that's where he said he was going to."

And three Territorial noses were elevated in contempt of the civilian ignorance of military terms; and the tip-tilted tip of one feminine nose went up also, in contempt of Mr. Haldane and anybody else who could make three healthy young men so far forget themselves as not to give a pretty girl a kiss on saying good-bye.

THE CAUSE.

He was a cockney sportsman—haw! And he was out for a day's shooting—haw! And he missed all of the birds—haw! And one of the dogs—haw! The other two dogs had been removed on an improvised ambulance—haw!

"Keepah—haw!" said he. "Haw!—I think there must be something wrong with this beastly gun—haw!"

The keeper was a sportsman first and a business man second, and his second was always running neck and neck with his first.

Thus he bethought him that it would be better policy to blame something other than the gun or the man who pulled the trigger.

"I think, sir," he said, "that it is the birds that are to blame."

"Too wild—haw?" suggested the cockney sportsman.

And then it was that the keeper's instinct of truth and sportsmanship asserted itself. You see how awkward it is running such things as emotions in couples.

"They ought to have dropped dead," said he, "at the sound of a gun, but the truth is that these birds are too healthy. None of them has got heart disease, so there was no chance of them coming down."

And because of this the sportsman forgot to give him a tip—haw!

THE ORDER OF THE COUGH-DROP.

SIXTH AWARD.

Caramba! Muchos Buenos. Manana. Hidalgo. Conquistadores. Cabana. (We hope Mr. Hesketh Prichard has not copyrighted these touching phrases, as we have sneaked them from Don Q.) Tortajada. Carmencita. Otero. Saragossa. In Old Madrid. Vallombrosa. Matador. Toro. Calapago. Senorita. Hispaniola. This is where we dry up. Without further circumlocution be it known that we have this week most disrespectfully invited

ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN

(Motto: Boys will be boys)

To consider himself Honorary Patron and Chief Don of the

Most Elevated Order of the Cough-Drop,

Because:

He is a broth of a boy.

And a fine specimen of a Modern Man.

Although nothing if not unconventional.

Next to our own King (pardon your Majesty, but patriotism obliges) he is the best of Royal sportsmen.

Although he belongs to a land where it is always to-morrow his principle is

Do it now.

And he generally does it very well.

THINGS SEEN.

VI.—THE BOLTED HORSE.

I was spending the night in Birmingham, making it one of my stopping places on a cycling tour. When I had washed, changed my collar and had a shave and a round meal, I wandered out into the streets to explore the capital of the Midlands.

Presently I came to a magnificent square in the centre of the city—I think it is called Victoria Square. As I walked along there suddenly struck me that undefinable feeling which is described in the reports of criminal trials as "Sensation." I heard nothing out of the common, I was not conscious of seeing anything unusual, but possibly I might have seen the startled look on the face of some passer-by. Anyhow I wheeled round and saw dashing towards me a buggy with a man and a boy in it and a bolted horse in the shafts.

However excusable fear may be under certain circumstances, it is not a pretty thing to see on the face of a man at any time. The boy's face was merely pathetic; the man's, in his absolute terror, revolting.

Possibly I should behave as badly under the same conditions. I have never had the opportunity to prove myself; neither do I much desire it.

There was actual and great danger, for, though darkness had fallen, there were still many vehicles about the street, and the buggy might have crashed into one at any moment.

For all that, I despised the man who was holding these reins.

I knew that the child would always remember the look on the face of the other, and one does not like a child or a woman to think that any man is a coward.

A policeman was on point duty opposite the corner where I stood. He waited till the buggy came alongside and then he sprinted foot for foot with the horse, caught its bridle and pulled it up. A crowd gathered round and the driver left the vehicle, his knees shaking beneath him.

"That was a gallant action," said someone. "Constable, what is your number? I desire to send a report of this to headquarters. If you are not promoted it will be a public shame."

"Move on there, please," said the policeman. "Pass along." It was his only answer.

I spoke to him afterwards when the crowd had dispersed.

"What do we get our pay for?" was the sole comment he made upon my congratulations.

G. Bulcraig.

PAINT FOR THE GARDEN.

Now that the garden is once more becoming interesting, you naturally set about making it look as well as possible. A 4½d. tin of green paint will do much to assist you.

Don't choose a colour of an obtrusive character, but rather a dark olive green which will be just about the same shade as the leaves of a plant. There are a hundred places where a touch of the paint will be advantageous. The little sticks to which you tie up the plants to prevent their being damaged by wind, should be given a coat of this paint. They will then be unobserved, and will not catch the eye unpleasantly, as sticks of naked wood would do.

There is a window box here, and an ornamental tub there, which will look twice as well after a painting. The garden seat always suggests itself to the man with a paint-pot and brush, but let him keep away from it. The seat is meant to be sat upon, and if you paint it, blisters will come up with the sunshine, and the clothes of yourself and your friends will be damaged.

GETTING READY.

Now that the weather is no longer calculated to give the swimmer a cold as he leaves the baths, it is time to begin getting into training for the summer races.

Common sense is the primary rule that regulates all training nowadays. Every swimmer has his constitutional peculiarities to consider, and the diet, as well as exercise, which suits one may be absolutely injurious to another.

Regular and healthy habits must be the rule. Continued indulgence in late hours, smoking and the use of stimulants only accelerate the development of any weak points in the constitution.

A vital requirement for a would-be fast swimmer is staying power; that has to be developed before any first-class swimming can be done.

Once staying power has been developed, speed will surely follow. Long distance walking and cross country running are the best forms of exercise, as the muscles are thereby hardened and staying power developed. In the season dumb-bell practice, Indian clubs, boxing, running, walking and cycling are very beneficial, if taken regularly.

The swimmer after rising should have some dumb-bell exercise or club-practice, and then after light refreshment stroll to the bathing place, swim about 200 yards or so, and then dry the body and rub down well. A sharp walk home and a good breakfast will set him up for the day.

In the evening after a light tea, walk to the baths, and take a two or three hundred yards' spin for endurance, then a short rest, during which the body is well rubbed down, and a fifty yards' sprint after may complete the water practice till improvement is noticeable, the test being the watch.

The man in training should enlist the services of a competent friend to watch for faults in style. If there be any, the swimmer should go slowly until they are eradicated, as he will find them most difficult to get rid of.

From our Readers

FEEDING DOGS.

There is no dog fancier but has his own particular ideas as to how a dog ought to be fed. Some plump for the patent foods and biscuits, others believe in giving a dog what they eat themselves, and I have in my mind a case where a man who was particularly fond of oranges handed over each quarter of an orange to his dog after he had sucked it dry. Whether this was good for the dog or not is a matter of opinion.

There are many who believe in feeding a dog only once a day. This is both cruel and unnatural, for in the wild state, a dog is grubbing about all times and eating when food can be obtained.

We can scarcely follow nature by giving the dog scraps at any time, for we must remember that in the domestic state he does not have so much exercise as he would on his native prairies or where he originally came from. We have therefore to guard his health by being regular in the matter of his meals, but that is really the only point that need be carefully observed.

Two meals or three meals a day are sufficient for a dog, but at each he should have as much as he cares for. The great thing is that the hours of feeding should be fixed and never on any account departed from. He should have a dish of water to which he may go at any time, but the food should be removed after he stops eating, that is provided always that he leaves any over.

PARTING YOUR HAIR.

Many people have a prejudice against parting the hair in the middle, on the ground that it looks effeminate.

But this is only the case if it is plastered down at each side. If it be brushed well back from the forehead and left sufficiently long, it may look as manly as any other form of "coiffure."

The centre parting is almost universal in America, and is largely affected in the English 'Varsities.

But you can only afford to adopt it if you have regular and more or less pronounced features—if they are unduly so, it is almost necessary.

FOUR ALE.

Every man who drinks beer knows too well that other things than hops are used to bitter it. Hence there are many who restrict themselves in the matter of alcoholic stimulant to what is generally called four ale, because in this the element of bittering is very slight.

As a publican, and at the same time a well-wisher of humanity in general, I should like to point out that the drinkers of four ale labour under a misapprehension.

Have you ever noticed that when the barman fills your glass or tankard, he allows a certain amount of beer to flow over the edge? This of course is not wasted. All the beer spilt in this manner goes down to the cellar into a separate tub, the contents of which are returned periodically to the brewer. It matters not whether bitter or stout predominates in the tub; the mixture undergoes a process of fining down —which means that it is clarified, brought to the right colour, modified in strength, and sold as four ale.

I do not say that all four ale comes from the sink of the public-house, but much of it does, and, having been so long in pipes and in the zinc sink, it is scarcely likely to improve the health of those who consume it.

If you want a safe drink you should either order a bottle of some standard brand or else patronise a house whose brewer is above suspicion.

RATS.

As an enthusiastic ratter I have been blamed many times for killing creatures which are of no use as food. To my mind the objection is a ridiculous one. Many a sportsman shoots birds that he never eats, and moreover rats are destructive and breeders of pestilence.

There are lots of ways of enjoying the sport of ratting. A favourite one is to purchase the rats by the sackful, but I draw the line at this. To my mind it is like shooting driven birds. I prefer to find my own rats.

I get them chiefly in a hedge close to a dunghill, which is replenished with slaughter-house refuse by a butcher who rents the field for grazing. My methods of rat extinction, or rather the reduction of their numbers, are two; either I use a smart fox terrier and a ferret, or a saloon rifle. In the one case I put the ferret in the dyke and wait with the dog for the rats to bolt; in the other I lie down behind the hedge and pot them as they struggle towards the dunghill.

In either case there is good sport to be had, and I commend it to my fellow readers who may have the opportunity of indulging in it.

THE RIDER'S THIGHS.

One often hears a man referred to as a "born horseman," and there is something in this from the physical point of view, besides the sympathy with horses which seems to be given by nature to some men and not to others.

The born horseman will have thick and muscular thighs, well fitted for gripping the saddle.

The muscles at the back and side of the thigh will be exceptionally well developed, and the width of his thighs across will be apparent when he is not in riding breeches, of which the fulness serves to hide the development.

The man who is not gifted by nature with the rider's thighs may cultivate them to a great extent.

Exercises for the development of the thigh are useful, but the added muscularity comes with riding better than anything else.

The fellow who is so gifted but is as yet no horseman, should lose no time in putting his exceptional muscles to their proper use, and learning to ride. A Yeomanry corps, if he is so fortunate as to be able to find a vacancy will put this within his reach, whatever his station in life.

KEEP ON RUNNING.

The cross-country season is now officially over, and most men who have spanked merrily along the roads when they were wet and the air was cold, are now devoting themselves to some other branch of sport. Short distance running claims a certain number of them, but the great majority have taken up something different altogether.

The sportsman should never allow himself to become a victim to a mere fashion. It is certain that the warmer weather is unsuitable for long distance running, but yet in the spring and even throughout the summer there are cool evenings—sometimes wet evenings, and they are none the worse for the runners' purpose on that account.

On such occasions let the secretary of an enthusiastic club (always supposing that meetings have been discontinued) send round a message to his most enthusiastic members, and let them get up an informal trot. They will be out of training, of course, but they can go slower. There is a charm in indulging in sport in this unpremeditated manner, and running is by far too good a sport to drop altogether for any length of time.

A GUINEA FOR THE BEST.

Have you sent in a paragraph yet? If not, try your hand. If you have, try again.

Let us have something with plenty of masculine interest in it.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The guinea this week goes to Mr. W. H. Fisher, 40, Cannon Street, Middlesbrough-on-Tees, for "Getting Ready."

DASHING YEOMANRY STORY.

KERNAHAN VERSUS KELLETT SAHIB.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

t was an extra special night of nights at dquarters, and an excited crowd of Yeomen zed angrily round the orders board in Drill ll, while from the Officers' Mess Room over way came the strains of the rhythmic "Light valry," played by the Regimental Band of the ing's Own."

ergeant-Major Brighton had promised his oved "B" Squadron a surprise—a surprise it s, and adjective unpleasant at that!

Yell it out, Kernahan!" exclaimed a gentlen in blue and yellow, on the fringe of the wd.

Right O! Extract from the 'London zatte,'" Trooper Kernahan read from the rd, "Captain Devine is transferred from 'B' uadron to 'A' Squadron (Groans). Mont rency Bradd Kellett, late of the some ngth Lancers, appointed Captain 'B' uadron *vice* Captain Devine—and so on in ink wasting words of the authorities."

or a moment, a few hummed softly and nped their feet in time with the band. Then rnahan voiced the feelings of his comrades one simple question plainly put, according he custom in Squadron "B."

Who the devil is this blighter, Sergeant jor?" he rapped out.

Yes, and why the deuce can't they leave Squadron in peace?"

It's a blitherin' shame!"—and so on.

he attack broke out sharply round the old geant-Major, but he had feared it, and trained guns accordingly.

I thought," he observed cuttingly, "that I a squadron I could trust. Captain Kellett here to-night at the Mess. I told him, of rse, that Squadron 'B' was composed nly of gentlemen—in the true sense of the d—a little wild at times, perhaps, Mr. Kerian, eh?—but nevertheless, gentlemen."

he Sergeant-Major waited for Kernahan's ly anxiously. He was a young man who uenced his comrades, without being so much are of the fact as was the Sergeant-Major. e need not, necessarily, have rank to lead n. There is Something, indefinable, magnetic, a spark of it existed in Trooper Archi d Harris Kernahan, of the "King's Own."

That's all very well, Major," Kernahan said wly, "but we're satisfied with our present cient officers, thank you.

We weep sometimes, when we think of our nds the Cyclists who are always having some v grocer or candlestick-maker made into an cer and handed a tin sword to wear with his t-office red coat.

Matter of fact, Major, it's not good enough us. We don't want any new officers even hey are failures from the Lancers. We have cream of Blankshire commanding us, to say hing of two Kings as Colonels. None of us nt any one better than Devine—he's a top hole n!"

Bravo, Kerny. You're quite a speechker," said Trooper Stephen, while the crowd oed "Hear! Hear!"

Failure from the Lancers! Good Lord, I ld tell you something about Captain Kellett, thought your thick heads could understand. entleman, retired from the active list, honours —yes, honours you—by accepting a commis in the 'King's Own' at the earnest pleadof the War Office itself, and then you—oh, 't you read between the lines, Kernahan?"

No, I can't," replied the Trooper, much stified.

Well, I must tell it in your ear, I suppose, t this is a new policy of the authorities—not ew game, Mr. Kernahan. The Territorial ces are to be turned into a dependable fight factor. You will be under command of men o know what the Real Thing is—it's a sort object lesson."

The Sergeant-Major spoke hopefully.

"Object lesson! Good Lord, did you hear that, you chaps?" exclaimed Kernahan. "Well, to Hell with the War Office and its object lessons, if we're to lose Devine!"

"Yes, it's beastly unfair!" several chorused. But the Sergeant-Major was consulting his watch.

"That's enough!" he said. "Squad, fall in! 'Tention! Number off in sections! Flanks of sections, prove! Draw Swo-r-rds!! Salute!!!"

Captain Devine, a six-footer of true military bearing, inspected the line of bared glistening swords. Not a man in that long, thin line of yellow and blue seemed to breathe.

Then a little man, uniformed as an officer of Lancers, clanked up to Captain Devine—while the squadron's sense of humour was strained to bursting point.

"Capital!" he exclaimed, looking up into the Captain's face at imminent risk of dislocating his red-tanned neck, "Really, capital!"

"My godfathers!" Kernahan hissed along the line. "This little lump of importance is our object lesson!"

II.

It very soon became evident to the members of "B" Squadron that little Captain Kellett contained within himself a larger supply of pure zeal than his stature justified. His face was tanned by Indian suns, and it was only fitting that he should take up his residence at one of the new bungalows built on the cliffs beyond Brermouth. His domestic retinue consisted of one Hindu servant.

He painted "The Nilghai" on the gates of his residence—and the whole thing smacked of India. So much so, indeed, that Kernahan and Bob Stephen wasted endless time in trying to draw him out on the subject of India—but in vain.

On the appearance of the Hindu servant carrying his master's trunks, Kernahan promptly named the little Captain "Kellett Sahib," and, of course, it stuck.

However, the aforesaid pure zeal possessed by Kellett Sahib soon led him into the disfavour of Trooper Kernahan individually, and the little clique known as the Tenth Legion, collectively.

He did not publicly announce that he had come to set the Squadron's "house in order," but he went to work very thoroughly as if he had. Kernahan confessed to the fact that he felt like a God-forsaken trooper of the regular line crushed beneath the contempt of a patrician captain.

Kellett Sahib seemed to forget, in short, that the "King's Own" were merely civilians who had volunteered to serve their country. To him they were Tommy Atkinses to be addressed and treated as such. That, Kernahan kindly explained, was the "moral effect of the object lesson."

The mounted drills, therefore, became hard gallops over any sort of country, in any sort of English spring weather.

Kellett saw—and with a heavy sigh the chronicler must confess it—that the members of "B" Squadron were, at heart, dandies. They turned out to mounted drill, as if they were attending a review, in full dress. They abstained, as far as possible, Kellett could see, from soiling their gauntlets. Their buttons, crests and shoulder chains literally flashed in the May sunshine. Leaders of troops picked places on muddy days, where the horses should not unnecessarily splash their shoes!

But Kellett Sahib, a regular glutton for work, would delight in sending them for long wheeling gallops over the slushy, marshy country that lay outside Brermouth.

Both the horses and their riders were naturally bespattered pictures at the end of the afternoon, and they would trot through the streets of Brermouth, afterwards, as men thoroughly ashamed of themselves. Only the Sergeant-Major enjoyed it all. He was still scoring off Kernahan—perhaps the dandiest of all in "B" Squadron, a man, in fact, who spent hours cleaning his saddlery and assumed the "side" of a Major.

It was after a particularly rough afternoon under the command of Kellett Sahib, that Kernahan sought for consolation among his friends at the Territorial Club, the Yeomanry Room of which had been decorated luxuriously at the private expense of the members.

Into this soft carpeted little pleasance, enter Kellett Sahib, thirsty for blood.

Kernahan pointedly buried his head in a magazine. His friend, Trooper Stephen, applied himself assiduously to clearing out a beloved briar.

"Is this the Yeomanry Club Room?" asked the little Captain.

"Yes, what do you think of it, sir?" asked Kernahan laconically. The Captain walked round inspecting a few undraped triumphs in art, prints copied from pictures in the Louvre.

"It reminds me," he said at length, "of the decorations in a Piccadilly girl's rooms."

"I've never been in such places, sir, so can't say!" Kernahan observed innocently. "That group in the photo there might interest you, sir. That's the little lot we sent to South Africa. The Boers got no change out of them at Reitfontein and one or two other little engagements."

There was a note of pride in Kernahan's voice. The little bounder should understand that the "King's Own" could "finish in style" on occasion!

"H'm. That's the sort of thing you should have in your club room. Less dandyism, sir, that's what the Squadron wants! I hear that most of the men spend their evenings playing billiards—a rotten game, in my opinion, for any vigorous young man under forty. Some of these evenings they might devote to Morris Tube practice in the Hall."

From that he enlarged on the Squadron's rather poor average of shooting generally. It was their sacred duty to get higher up in the Eastern Command aggregate list.

Yes, he should recommend that the billiard room be closed for an hour, two nights per week.

"And those," he added, "who don't like it must, to put it plainly, lump it. More work and less show is what is required in this regiment. . . . Yes, it's billiards and girl-worship that's ruining the corps!"

Kernahan flushed angrily, but made no reply. It was outrageous, a deadly sin to interfere with the private life of the Squadron members.

Then the most horrible thing of all happened. Kellett Sahib's eyes wandered round the room and fastened on to a glass case upon the mantelpiece, which contained a lady's reindeer driving glove laid out daintily on a silken ground of purple, blue, and gold stripes--the club colours of the Regiment. Underneath was written in gold letters on Royal blue, "The Mascot of Squadron

'B.'" It had, in fact, been begged from a bygone Colonel's fair daughter by a bold Sergeant of "B" Squadron.

"What girl's toy is this?" he asked.

"The inscription explains itself, sir," said Kernahan, trying hard to keep a tone of annoyance out of his voice.

The Captain said no word. He merely lifted the glass case off the mantel and placed it under his arm.

"We ought to have one or two Regimental Cups on the mantelpiece," he said, "and as I intend that 'B' Squadron shall win the Regimental Shooting Cup this year, you will see I have cleared a place for it."

He turned and swaggered out of the room with the case under his arm.

Kernahan went from purple to white. Stephen poked the fire viciously.

"It's time," said Kernahan, "that *we* made a move in the game!"

He strode across to a writing desk and scribbled quickly. Then he read out the following to Trooper Stephen:

"To the Editor, 'Brermouth Daily Press.'

"Dear Sir,—

"It has been suggested by the Committee of the Territorial Club that an Inter-Territorial Billiard Match should be held here, and as an enthusiastic admirer of billiards, which, in my opinion, trains the eye for shooting, I should be glad if you would make it public that I am prepared to offer a cup for competition among teams consisting of six men from any Territorial unit in the county. Entries to be sent in to me before a week from date.

"(Signed)

"Montmorency Braddon Kellett, Captain.

"Territorial Club, Brermouth."

"That, I think, will give the bounder something to swear about!" said Kernahan as he stamped and sealed the envelope. "It doesn't pay to jest with Squadron 'B.'"

* * * * * * *

But they did not know that Kellett Sahib had returned to the Sergeant-Major, whom he had left "under cover" behind the door of the Yeomanry Club Room.

"I've got it!" the little man exclaimed delightedly, exhibiting the mascot. "You can call it peculiar tactics if you like, but now we shall see if the Corps have any grit in them. You should have seen that young Kernahan sweat his temper. Not so much as a 'damn!' Major! Discipline they've got—and it's one to you so far!"

"H'm. Yes, sir," the Sergeant-Major replied, "and I'm still open to bet I've got a squadron I can trust!"

"For any amount of devilment," he added to himself.

III.

The letter appeared duly signed in the next morning's "Daily Press," and while those in the dark wondered if the Captain, an arch enemy of billiards, had suddenly gone mad, those behind the scenes in the confidence of Kernahan were mystified because Kellett Sahib made no move.

Kernahan, who could see trouble brewing in the Sergeant-Major's face when he met him casually, expected the storm to burst on the next week's dismounted drill night.

But only the Sergeant-Major conducted that particularly unpleasant little drill—and he kept the troop continually on the move for one hour, whereat many of the innocents suffered for the guilty, the unvarying custom of this world.

Kernahan and Stephen, sweating profusely, went into the club to wash after drill and they encountered the Sergeant-Major.

"You're wondering why the Captain's not turned up?" he said.

"No. Why?" asked Kernahan innocently.

"Oh, well, I thought you'd like to know he's gone to London, taking his servant with him."

"Well, let's hope he's gone for good," Stephen observed icily. "I must say it looks low down for a man to lift the Squadron's mascot, and then offer a billiard cup for competition all in one breath."

"And never even mentioned it to the Club Committee. This man does too much on his bally own!" said Kernahan hotly. There was no trace of levity about his indignant countenance. The Sergeant-Major left them.

As he rubbed his face pink with the rough towel, Kernahan observed in jerks that the Lord had delivered the enemy into their hands.

"You follow, old chap?" he asked Bob Stephen, whose curly head was enveloped in steam.

"Yes," said Stephen from the mist. "We pay a visit to 'The Nilghai,' to-night and return with the mascot of Squadron 'B'!"

* * * * * * *

The stars were shining in a moonless sky, and a soft wind from the south wafted over the cliff. Beyond the isolated bungalow came the sound of the sea hissing and squelching over the pebbles in the void.

Then "Tinkle-tinkle."

"Damn!" said Kernahan. "The glass has fallen inside." The cavalry-cloaked Kernahan, most amateurish of burglars, stood by the window of "The Nilghai," beyond the verandah rails. He had resorted to the time-worn expedient of smashing the pane and unslipping the catch. The window opened softly enough.

"Don't make a row, Stephen!" hissed Kernahan as they cautiously hopped over the sill into the room. Kernahan stumbled over a chair or two, and found the door of the room. Yes, here was the switch.

"Drop that blind, Bob!" Kernahan whispered keenly across space, his finger on the switch.

Stephen dropped the blind and all was dark.

Click! Up went the lights.

"Good God!" they exclaimed suddenly. Kellett Sahib, soft and smiling, lay at the full stretch of his little length in an Indian cane chair.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" he said courteously. "What's the matter with the door?"

Kernahan choked visibly and Stephen paled.

"You told the Sergeant-Major you were going to town!" said Kernahan at last as one grievously offended.

"I did. I expected you would come here—for this." He held up the mascot, still preserved beneath the glass case. "Well, take it—it's yours, of course—and I admire your pluck!"

Kernahan stretched out his hand for the thing mechanically. He could hardly believe his ears. The man was a sportsman after all.

"On the sideboard," Kellett Sahib went on, "you will find three glasses, Stephen, and inside the cupboard there is a bottle of whisky and a syphon. Now, you chaps, I want you to drink my health, if you will. I want you as allies—not enemies. That Morris Tube business is important. A word to the chaps from you, Kernahan, is worth a lot. Can I rely on it?"

Kernahan was smiling, and he stretched out his hand. It was met by a firm grasp.

"Absolutely!" he said, raising his glass.

"Good!" said the Captain. "Now I want you to do something else for me. Here's my card for any local jeweller you like, and I've written an amount on the back. I am prepared to go up to that figure for the Kellett Billiard Cup—perhaps you saw my letter in the 'Daily Press'? We've got a heavy entry, too. Does 'B' Squadron stand a chance?"

"Well, I'd take odds we bring off a little double event, sir!" said Kernahan smiling.

"What's that?" asked Kellett Sahib, evidently mystified in his turn.

"The Kellett Cup *and* the Regimental Shooting Cup!" Kernahan explained.

* * * * * * *

It was late that night when the two struck with uncertain gait across the cliffs.

"Lil' Kellett's a brick-sh," Stephen observed to the swaying Kernahan, to whom he was linked. The sentence, at least, was eloquent of Kellett Sahib's hospitality.

A SKETCH.

"Hullo! Good man! Any more coming?"—such is the exclamation which greets one on entering the dressing-room on gym night.

There are the captain and secretary present—strapping fellows with figures which show both strength and speed—in fact, typical gymnasts.

The remainder of the members are of varied types—here a short, stumpy lad, there a wiry young fellow and about fifteen or sixteen others—all wearing that healthy look which comes only with physical exercise.

"Into your togs quick! We must get out!" cries the captain, and accordingly white trousers and singlet are donned, and the class files out under the instructor—the latter a man over fifty years of age, but still wonderfully strong and agile, and a decided argument against the "too old at forty" rot.

"Now, smartly, all of you!" he roars, and we are not sorry, for it is a bitterly cold night, and standing about in gym shorts is not very pleasant.

In a very few minutes we are quite warm, and consequently in good form.

The exercises on the horizontal go briskly until someone suddenly slips and comes down heavily—there is a rush to see what is the matter, and a man is on his back on the mat. "All right, only winded," and he is up again in a minute or so.

"Parallels! Bring round the mats!" comes in a stentorian voice from the instructor, and the mats are quickly brought round the parallel bars.

"Handspring and deliver!" shouts the instructor, and it is wonderful to see the agility of these men who spend their days from early morning till late at night at office desks, printing machines, behind counters, and so on, and the delight and full-bloodedness with which they follow the exercises in turn.

Not that everybody does them well—far from that in some cases. There are new men who are as stiff and awkward as they could be, and the older hands cannot always help laughing when they blunder, but they don't care; they laugh at themselves.

That is one of the charms of the gym—the rare good humour of everyone.

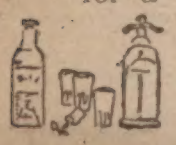
Another down! Never mind, he is up again and back to his place, assisted by a good-humoured "hastener" from the instructor. Again, at another part of the gym, we see two young fellows pounding one another for all they are worth, to the accompaniment of good-natured chaff from senior members—fellows who have "gone thro' the mill" and can look back to the days when they were novices.

And so the time goes on, until the unwelcome arrival of the caretaker with his call, "Time's up, gentlemen!"

A general rush is made for the dressing-room, where a shower bath and rub down is indulged in, accompanied by singing (in various keys) and remarks on the night's work.

"All turn up next night?" asks the secretary, to which he gets a most emphatic "Right-o!" and all make for home, anticipating a well-earned night's rest.

Charles Clitheroe.



A Society Scandal

AN ASPECT OF MODERN LIFE THAT DEMANDS REFORM.

The other day I picked up a ladies' paper in which a whole page was devoted to photographs of aristocratic children. They were not given as types of child beauty—some of the [illegible] were very much the reverse; apparently they were published only because they were photographs of titled people's children.

Now to me there is something revolting about this sort of thing. In the first place, it is bad for the children; they see these photographs of themselves in public prints and acquire an exaggerated notion of their own importance.

In the next place, the parents of these much-photographed children surely show a lamentable want of self-respect and good breeding.

TITLED NOBODIES.

In the particular case under notice the parents were people of no real importance—they were just titled nonentities, playing no part in public life.

What on earth does it matter to the public whether Lady Tomnoddy has got children or not, or what they look like? Why should her ladyship expose her domestic life to the public? Why should she have her children photographed for the benefit of the curious?

But it is not only a question of the way in which aristocratic children are advertised; one of the most disquieting and unpleasant symptoms of modern English society is the disgusting and shameless way in which people in the position of ladies and gentlemen advertise themselves in the Press.

For the actor, author, artist, any man or woman earning a living out of the public, who advertises, I have considerable sympathy. They must do it; many of them, I dare say, would prefer not to do so, but they must keep themselves before the public.

ADVERTISING ARISTOCRATS.

For the aristocratic advertiser, however, there is no such excuse. They are not living by the public, and yet in the way of notoriety-hunting they could give any author, actor, or musician twenty-five yards' start in a hundred.

And the shamelessness of their methods. The woman, of course, are the worst offenders. Pick up any of the illustrated weeklies and you will find photographs of titled women, in attire a good deal scantier than that of Miss Maud Allan as Salome.

Mind you, these women are purely private individuals, and yet they expose their charms to the gaze of the vulgar.

They do more; they have not only themselves, their children, their various possessions, but even their bedrooms photographed.

I believe some of these aristocratic women would be photographed in bed, only that there would not then be such a complete exposure of their figures as they would wish.

Why do they do it? It seems to me that there are four possible reasons:

(a) They get the photographs for nothing.

(b) They are paid for being photographed.

(c) They are vulgar notoriety-hunters and crave publicity, no matter at what cost to decency and self-respect.

(d) They do it out of philanthropy.

(a) and (b) are both true. Most of these aristocratic advertisers are content with free sittings and proofs, but a good many draw substantial fees for posing to the photographers. Estimable women, aren't they, exposing themselves and their homes for gain?

(c) is also true. It is not only a matter of photographs, but of all sorts of private details being given to the Press, their guests, their hosts, what they had for dinner, where they dined, the colour of their garters, the composition of their toothpowder. These women are obsessed with an insensate and depraved craving for publicity. Snobs themselves, they pander to the most despicable snobbery.

PHILANTHROPY?

(d) however, opens up possibilities. Perhaps I do them an injustice. Perhaps they are actuated by the purest and most philanthropic of motives. They seek to elevate the masses. They mean to say, come and see us dress or undress, observe how our bed rooms are furnished, watch us eat, learn how we spend our money and our days, and perhaps some day you will be like us.

Perhaps. Well, it is very kind of these good people to draw the veil from their private lives; to come before us almost naked and entirely unashamed, to take us into their confidence on all and every subject. Yet somehow I question the elevating effect.

It seems to me that this aristocratic advertising is ruining English society, is setting up low ideas of decency and conduct, is destroying home life, and invading that privacy which was once an Englishman's most cherished possession.

That reminds me. The women are bad enough, but what about the men? Of course, they don't advertise in the way the women do, but what sort of men are the husbands, fathers, brothers who permit their womenkind thus to prostitute themselves in the press.

It seems to me that they must be rotters, double-dyed rotters.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT?

I am speaking of private individuals. Some people are, so to speak, national possessions, and have to pay the penalty in the way of submitting to publicity.

But the advertising aristocrats are really nobodies; they and their doings are of no genuine public interest.

I put it to you, my masculine friend, would you like Tom, Dick, and Harry to be able to buy a photograph of your sister, your fiancée, your wife as she appears in evening dress? Would you like the public to know all about your home-life?

If you are a decent man, you would answer: "Damn the public! What have they got to do with my womenfolk, my children, my home?"

I say, therefore, that the male relatives of these advertising women are neither gentlemen nor men.

"REVOLTING!"

If a person is a genuine celebrity, it is difficult for him to avoid a certain amount of publicity, although even the worst of stage, literary, or artistic advertisers show far more reticence than their aristocratic brethren, but that private people in the position of ladies and gentlemen should seek publicity as they do is astonishing.

And the Lord Chief Justice of England, in a recent speech on this very subject, described as "revolting" the manner in which Society women advertise in the Press.

A decent man's first thought is to guard his womenfolk, his home, and his private life from the gaze of the vulgarly curious. That was the idea once and the sooner we get back to it again the better.

DAVID COOPER.

DEAD SHOTS.

MARKSMANSHIP THE WORLD OVER.

In bygone times we English were the best shots in the world with the famous longbow. The boasted Genoese archers, with their cross-bows, could not stand before our unerring and fast-flying clothyard shafts. We owe many of our splendid achievements in history—the victories of Cressy, Poictiers, Agincourt, for instance—to that skill. We also owed our reverses in the beginning of the Boer War to our deterioration as marksmen and the precision of the enemy's shooting.

Naturally, in countries where men live by hunting they are good marksmen with whatever weapons they use. The Swiss and Tyrolese, winter and summer, scale their mountains and shoot the chamois and wild goat as they bound from crag to crag half a mile away. These men have used the rifle from childhood, when they accompanied their fathers on expeditions.

Amongst the Australian natives, the most remarkable marksmanship is displayed with the "boomerang." Scientists cannot explain why this V-shaped missile should accomplish the feats it does—feats the least of which is that it comes back to the thrower. And yet this wonderful implement was invented by some poor, untutored savage—some "mute, inglorious Maxim."

A black fellow will throw a boomerang towards the north, it will fly round to the east or west, describing the most extrordinary evolutions or curves in the air, as if there were no such thing as force of gravity, strike half-a-dozen wild birds one after the other, and come back and drop at the thrower's feet!

One would be inclined to think such "hits" were flukes. But then the thrower will tell you beforehand what he is going to strike, and what he intends to miss. A tree or some obstacle may be in the way of him and his game. He will not hit that—his weapon will pass round it or behind it and hit the mark beyond.

For instance, the "horned boomerang," common round the Gulf of Carpentaria, and so called because it has a "horn," or hook, projecting at one end, will, by means of this horn, hook on to the rim of the enemy's shield, swing round behind it and knock the sheltering foeman out.

The Guachos, or Spanish and Portuguese inhabitants of South America, use a weapon they adopted from the Patagonian Indians—the "bolas." It is a remarkable missile consisting of two round stones or balls, a little larger than cricket-balls—but of unequal size, one being slightly smaller than the other—united by a leather thong or rope about eight feet long. The thong is really two thongs, each four feet long, tied together in the middle.

Taking the thong by the knotted middle, the Guacho whirls the two balls swiftly round and round his head, and, taking aim, sends them like chain-shot revolving through the air, straight to the mark. No sooner do the balls strike the object than they wind round it, crossing and recrossing each other, so as to become firmly tied round it. A Guacho will aim at the legs of a horse, a deer, an ostrich, or a guanaco and capture the animal alive by thus tying its fore feet together instantly while it is in full career. With his bolas, he will bring it to earth more suddenly than with a rifle bullet, and with stunning shock, as may be imagined.

Along the banks of the Amazon and in Peru, the villagers are very expert in the use of the blowgun. This is a long straight tube like the barrel of a gun, made from the slender stem of the chonta palm with the pith pushed out. It is about eight feet long, and through it, with a well-calculated puff of the breath, the marksman projects a dart or arrow about fifteen inches long. He will hit with unerring aim at forty or fifty paces, and, as the darts are poisoned with the deadly curari or wourali poison, even a jaguar or puma receiving the slightest wound soon falls dead.

T. RAMSBOTHAM.

Where Men Foregather.

VIII.—THE ACCIDENT.

There is a sudden slip and slither on the greasy hill, a startled "Hold up, you brute!" from the driver, and the cab-horse is down.

Instantly, as if by magic, a crowd collects. That wonderful London crowd, that seems to fly together like the particles in a Marconi coherer, or a heap of steel filings under a magnet. That curious, open-mouthed London crowd that will stand and gape at a man cleaning a house-front, a shop-window being put in, a pavior at work or eating his lunch, even—though one would have thought the sight had long since lost its novelty—at a fallen horse.

And so silk hat and cloth cap, "pillar" of the adjacent public-house and dawdling errand boy, prowling journalist and authoritative policeman, idler and busy-bee, sightseer up from the country, Teuton waiter dreaming of the days when the German air-ships will float death-dealing over London, old gentlemen, who ought to know better, inquisitive idiots of all ages and sizes, they foregather round the fallen horse.

WHY THEY STOP.

What is the magnetism of the spectacle that arrests the hurrying ants of London? To some it is just a welcome excuse for delaying their business; to others a silly curiosity; to others again an opportunity for looking important and giving foolish advice; to some it means something to talk about when they get home; but most are drawn there by the cruelty that, latent or expressed, is in every man.

The horse is in distress, the driver is in trouble; gather round, therefore, like crows around a wounded bird; we can bear other people's misfortunes with great equanimity, even with cheerfulness.

"Sit on his head," squeaks a pimply youth, but the old horse lies quiet and still.

"Disgraceful the condition of the streets; I shall write to the *Times* about it," snorts a portly, pompous gentleman, who ten minutes later will transfer his 15 stone into a hansom and threaten to report the driver for not going fast enough.

The air simply hums with advice and comment, but none does anything, save the driver and the policeman, who between them have already undone the harness, and one other, a fresh-faced youth in breeches and gaiters. He has stopped, not out of curiosity, but because he thinks he may be of some use, and he is.

THE SENSIBLE THING TO DO.

The old horse is vainly striving to rise, but he cannot get a grip on the greasy wood-blocks. Quickly the fresh-faced youth goes to the nearest sand-box, returns with two handfuls of sand, which he scatters by the horse's feet, and in a trice the animal is up.

The young man has now become a centre of attraction.

To these helpless, prying onlookers he is a genuine curiosity; he has done something useful, whereas it is characteristic of a London crowd that they are absolutely useless, and only get in the way of each other and the real helpers.

Still, it is not always so. The motor-'bus has broken down; smiling horse-'bus drivers have in passing made pointed allusions to sardine-boxes, and facetiously proffered the loan of their whips; the usual nondescript collection of fools has gathered and dispersed, and there remains a small knot of men who follow with absorbed interest the chauffeur's operations under the car and the bonnet.

Mostly youngsters these, who are genuinely interested in the machinery, and are learning something that may be useful to them one day.

As a rule, however, there is precious little to be said for the men who foregather at street accidents.

At least half-a-dozen times a day has Tompkins crossed Ludgate Circus dodging his way through the streaming traffic, and emerged unscathed.

But to-day his luck is out; his foot slips on a banana-skin thrown by some malignant ass; he is under the wheel of the heavy railway van as the driver, too late, wakes up, and hauls his horse back almost on its haunches. The driver looks over the side, and is presently very, very sick.

THE LUST FOR HORRORS.

The crowd, the inevitable crowd foregathers. "Give him air," they shout, and press closer in. A policeman forces his way through, and soon the ambulance arrives, and what was Tompkins is taken away.

But the crowd disperses slowly; indeed it grows, men running up and adding to it—what is it, what has happened, and they push and jostle their way to the front.

Some of the early arrivals had a good view, and relate the horrid details with gusto. In their way, they are quite popular heroes. Faugh!

The costermonger's barrow has been in collision and has suffered. His stock strews the roadway and is ruined. The crowd eagerly gather round, hopeful of "language," but the coster is past speaking—as the historic story goes, "there ain't no bloomin' word for it." The policeman has made his notes, and at some distant date the coster may receive compensation, but momentarily he is done for. And there are hungry little mouths at home.

Something like a tear trickles down his cheek, but the crowd is frankly amused—here is rare sport, a fine entertainment for nothing, book me two stalls, please. It may be death to him; but it is fun for them.

HELP.

A man, a working chap by his appearance, pushes his way through the crowd. "Here, mate," he says awkwardly to the coster, "'ere's somethin' to help," and he pushes a silver coin or two into the astonished coster's hand, and is quickly gone.

The crowd is surprised; it had not before occurred to them to help; they thought the show was free. But to do them justice once the lead has been given they quickly respond, and the coster soon has the price of his stock and a good bit over.

But as a rule the men who foregather at street accidents and incidents are stupid men, incapable of rendering any service, devoured by an insensate curiosity, callous to suffering or horrid sights so long as the entertainment is free, and they are easily fooled.

Mr. Tom Browne, the famous artist, relates how, after a Yeomanry dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, a sportive Yeoman took an empty magnum of champagne, marched out and placed it in the middle of the road. In ten minutes a huge crowd had gathered round the bottle, and traffic was held up until the Yeoman came out again, picked up the bottle and retired, when the crowd somewhat sheepishly dispersed.

I have taken the street accident as a foregathering of men, but perhaps it is more truly to be described as the rendezvous of fools.

Peter Gilchrist.

CHRIST AS A SPORTSMAN.

AN ASTONISHING ARTICLE WRITTEN IN ALL REVERENCE.

The title of this article may startle some readers, but why should one not treat of Jesus Christ as a sportsman?

His manhood is often insisted upon; why should His sportsmanhood not be dealt with, but without any suspicion of irreverence?

In truth, our Lord was not only a man, but a sportsman; not that He was a hunter, a follower of the chase, or an athlete, but none the less He was a true sportsman, a model for all men and sportsmen.

To begin with, He was a strong man. This, I daresay, is contrary to accepted tradition, which represents Christ as a man of no great physical strength, but surely all the evidence there is is in favour of His vitality.

In St. Luke, chap. ii., it is written: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." Therefore we can picture Him as a well-grown man, and He must have been a manly man, or He would not have found favour with His fellows.

Further, Christ worked until He was a grown man and more as a carpenter, a trade in every way calculated to make Him a strong, healthy, muscular man, and, while we know little of His youth, He showed Himself in manhood an open-air man.

He need not have been a very powerful man, but I claim that He had the healthy, sinewy, well-trained frame of a sportsman.

He was virile not only of body, but of heart. On many occasions He showed great pluck, as for example when He purged the Temple of the money-changers, and stood unharmed in the midst of a furious mob in Galilee, or again when He sent a message of scorn to Herod which He knew might cost him His life.

Then He had all the sportsman's righteous anger against bullies, oppressors, and those who batten on their fellow creatures. He spared no invective in dealing with such, and the unclean or unmanly man found no sympathiser in Him.

He could lash the unworthy, but the weak and helpless, women and children, ever appealed to Him, as they do to all true sportsmen.

Above all He was human. He was not a recluse, but was ready to eat and drink with other men, and rejoice and sorrow with them, on simple human levels. Nothing human was alien to Him, and humanity is the mark of the sportsman.

The sportsman is popular with all classes of manly men; so too was Christ. Rough fishermen, rude toilers of all kinds, they loved Him because He was rich in the strong, manly qualities which men admire.

Then He never "rubbed it in" to a man who failed Him. When Peter denied Him thrice, what did He do? In the words of the Book, "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter." That was all.

Then He was game. He endured the most frightful agonies and tortures unflinchingly, so one may say so, He "took his gruel" like a man and a sportsman.

He was forgiving. In the hour of His death and agony He prayed "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Being a sportsman, He did not wish to make others suffer for their ignorance.

All through His life He scorned to take advantage, or to abuse His powers.

A virile mind in a virile body, love of fair play, modesty, tenderness to the weak, humanity, justice, courage, outspokenness, self-control, self-sacrifice, willingness to share the burdens of others, a love of animals, of all living things, hatred of cant, hypocrisy, cheating, contempt for money, these are the attributes of a sportsman. No ordinary man ever had them all, but Jesus Christ had, and He was the finest sportsman the world has ever known—a God that a man can worship, because He was a man and understands our weakness.

R. J. Gorin.

Joys of Otter Hunting

A SPORT WHICH BEGINS NOW.

Probably the meet is close to a railway station, for otter hunting is distinctly a democratic sport, and the train and not the motor or high-priced hack brings the hunters to the rendezvous. You can wear anything you like at an otter hunt, and the novice will sometimes turn up in a suit that has just left the hands of the tailors; the experienced hunter, however, wears flannel trousers or canton cords, for in the course of the day's sport he is more than likely to get his nether garments wet, and probably his jacket as well.

The master, who is generally his own huntsman, lays on the hounds at a likely pool, and, if luck be smiling, they scent the ream of the otter. Then there is a wild scurry up the bank, and finally the scent is lost and the hounds are recalled. The master has seen the same thing scores of times, and he leaps into the stream, looking at the bank underneath the surface with the six-foot pole, with which he, like the other hunters, is armed. Presently he discovers that several feet beneath the surface there is a hole leading into the bank. In that the otter is lurking.

MAKING HIM BOLT.

The master returns to land, ranges a dozen of the followers on the bank just above where he believes the otter to be hidden, and, when he gives the signal, they all leap in the air in unison. Thud! they come to earth again, and the otter feels the ceiling of his retreat vibrating above him. Up leap the hunters again and again, perhaps till they are exhausted and a fresh dozen takes their place, for the otter is gifted with a rare obstinacy.

At last, just as they are preparing to jump once more, someone who is watching the stream sees a tiny flat skull and a pair of nostrils break the surface for a single instant. The otter has had to bolt, and has come to the surface to breathe. Instantly the hounds are whipped into the water, and up the stream they swim, following the otter's scent above the surface.

A BID FOR FREEDOM.

The game has only just begun, however. He has the strength to keep it up for hours on end, and he has all the cunning of his cousin, the weasel. He dives and turns his course beneath the water, popping up for a moment behind a bush of rushes to take breath and look about him.

Then he plunges into the stream, swimming along beneath the advancing hounds like a gigantic eel. Up he darts for an instant well behind the tail of the last hound, but the master has seen his snout and has tumbled to his game. If he is allowed to go down stream he will escape, for the current is swift and will help his pace.

The master shouts a brief instruction to the followers, who plunge into the water at the ford below, up to their knees or their waists as the depth of the stream may require, keeping their balance by means of their poles plunged into the shingle beneath, and splashing lustily with their hands in order to turn the escaping otter.

DODGED!

But their advance has stirred the mud, and the otter is upon them before they see him. Some- one feels a soft slippery body graze his legs, and they know that the otter has escaped. Others have been waiting down stream, however, in case of such an accident, and they immediately form a barrier lower down, and this time in- the way between them the otter dashes up stream again.

He could have long been brought down, and now the pursuit begins. The otter, finding escape down stream is impossible, and his progress up it too slow for the secur- ity of freedom, betakes himself of a little streamlet, where he has been prowling during the morning. By diving, swimming under water, and only taking breath behind some tuft, he avoids being seen, and presently it is found that hounds are running helter-skelter all about the banks of the streamlet.

To watch them, you would suppose they had discovered the tracks of twenty otters, but the trails are merely those of the present wily quarry; the scent was laid in the early morning, but it is still fresh enough to deceive hounds.

Once more the master plunges into the water, prodding the bank with his pole, and once again he discovers that the otter has found a subterranean retreat.

This time it is a drainpipe, which joins the stream beneath the surface. From this the otter will not budge, for he appears to know that in the case of a drain there is no danger of the roof falling upon him, however many men may jump on the bank above. In these circumstances it may be necessary to give the otter his pardon and to seek a fresh one. To wait till he came out would be hopeless, for he is infinitely patient.

RUNNING THE WATER OFF.

Sometimes, however, it is possible to turn some of the water off by means of the little sluices that have been arranged for irrigating the fields. If these conveniently exist, they are immediately opened, and, when the water has sunk till the mouth of the drain appears above its surface a terrier is put in and the otter is once more holted.

In plunge the hounds after him. This time he determines on making a dash over land for another stream he knows. He springs on the bank, and two of the hounds seize him simultaneously. He lays open the nose of one with his teeth, and lacerates the shoulder of the other with the strong blunt claws of his forefeet; but his enemies are too many for him, and, to use the technical phrase, he dies. Then the master distributes the trophies amongst the followers, and the stream is drawn in another place for another otter.

THE OTTER'S SPORTING CHANCE.

Much nonsense has been written concerning the cruelty of otter hunting. It has been asserted that the otters are killed with the poles the men carry. As a matter of fact spearing has been dead for fifty years, and the otter is now invariably killed by the hounds.

Probably no hunted animal suffers less from terror than does the otter. An otter has been known to catch a fish, bring it to the bank and begin to eat while being hunted, which does not look very much as if it were greatly afraid of its pursuers. Moreover, two otters in every five hunted escape, so that they have a good sporting chance of saving themselves.

In otter-hunting you do all the work yourself. You have no horse to carry you, and you may be waiting in a stream for a couple of hours on end. You may even have to swim to help hounds.

Take it all round it is a sport for the hardy, and ranks with fox-hunting for excitement as well as for the amount of healthful exercise it gives its devotees.

S. Walters.

THE WILY HAWKER.

HUMAN NATURE IS HIS BOOK.

"In my line," remarked the hawker, as he sipped his beer, "you can always do business, provided you give people the impression they are doing you.

"I suppose it's human nature, but I've found that even highly respectable people can't resist the temptation to cheat somebody else when the chance is offered them. I always try to give them the impression that they have got that chance in my case.

"One of my best lines is imitation metal-polish. A Birmingham firm supplies us with round, flat tins at a farthing for two; they are the same shape as those used for a certain polish which is much advertised, and they are decorated to look as nearly the same as the law will allow."

"I buy these tins by the gross, fill them with fine sand, and cover that with a film of yellow candle grease. The total cost of material is well under a farthing a tin.

"My plan is to call at small houses where a servant isn't kept, so that the mistress will answer the door personally. I tell her that I am an out-of-work, that these tins of polish have been given me by a kind-hearted grocer, and ask if she will buy one at her own price.

"The tin is the sixpenny size and its contents look all right; so she supposes that she is having good value for sixpence offered to her. But how does she act? Offer me sixpence? Not much. She tells herself that here is a poor devil she can do, and she says she'll take a tin for twopence. Of course I close with that offer, though I pretend to be disappointed. If it wasn't that she thinks she's cheating me out of fourpence, she wouldn't buy at all.

"Her feelings when she starts to use the stuff are none of my business, but if she uses plenty of elbow-grease with it, I suppose it will polish things nearly as well as a dry cloth would.

"For country towns I have a speciality. I buy a pound of the cheapest flour and colour it with a pennyworth of yellow ochre from the house painters. This compound I make up into neat little packages containing about a teaspoonful each, and for an expenditure of threepence I can make hundreds of them.

"I tell the housewives that I am a poor inventor, and that this is my secret preparation which I am too poor to patent.

"'Just put it in your lamp, missus,' I say, 'and it will keep the oil from exploding if it is upset. What with so many healthy youngsters as you have, you can't be too careful. Besides that, my preparation, the greatest non-explosive, keeps the lamp from giving off a smell when it is turned down low. My price is only threepence a packet.'

"And because she knows that a preparation that would really do these things would be worth at least a guinea an ounce, she hands me the threepence.

"Another wheeze that I sometimes work is the postcard dodge. I buy a gross of postcards wholesale at a price that comes to about a penny a dozen. I put them into envelopes containing six each, and present myself at a likely looking house. I say my pocket has been picked, and that I am twopence short of my train fare home. The postcards, I say, were bought at a penny each before I lost my money, and I meant to send them to friends. Will the lady give me twopence for the six?

"Again she does, because she thinks she's doing me out of fourpence.

"Sometimes I pose as an expert ladies' tailor out of a job, and I offer to cut a paper pattern to the lady's exact measurements at a charge of sixpence. This scheme entails two visits. The first time I take all sorts of measures, and next day I return with a paper pattern and get the sixpence. My stock for this is a wholesale draper's list of the latest styles, and a score or two of paper patterns such as are given away with women's papers. They are all one size, but my customer doesn't find that out till later."

Connor Weeks.

A MILITARY YARN.

By
"CHINSTRAP."

According to a Service saying, officers of the Royal Engineers — more familiarly known as "Sappers" — are either mad, married, or Methodist.

Crawshaw Mounteney-Jones, subaltern of Sappers, was not married — you won't wonder why, when I come to describe his personal "charms." He was not Methodist. On the contrary, according to himself he was in religion an esoteric Buddhist, whatever that may have been, or be.

But he was certainly the maddest thing that ever walked on two legs.

I don't as a rule see much point in making fun of a man's appearance. But the physical Crawshaw Mounteney-Jones was so extraordinary that I am tempted to make an exception, and describe him at some length.

To begin with, he was a very little man. How he ever passed the height standard for the Service was a lasting mystery to all who knew him.

On one occasion he was at a ball and when people were going in to supper his high-pitched, squeaky voice was heard exclaiming in agonised tones, "Take my arm, take my arm."

His partner, a rather tall lady, had put out her arm to take his without noticing what she was doing, and had got Crawshaw Mounteney-Jones firmly round the neck!

Here I may say that Crawshaw Mounteney-Jones was known throughout the Service as "the Microbe," by which nickname I shall in future describe him.

To return to the "Microbe's" outer man, his short, puny, almost misshapen body was surmounted by an abnormally large head—hydrocephalous is, I believe, the medical term for the kind of headpiece he had.

This monstrous cranium was covered with dank, black hair, which he wore long, despite frequent injunctions from his superior officers to get it cut.

His complexion was of a greenish-yellow intermixed with blue patches, the result of various unfortunate chemical experiments.

The Microbe was always blowing himself up. We would hear a bang from the direction of his quarters, and we would rub our hands, and say cheerily, "Thank God, there goes the Microbe," and stand each other drinks in our joy.

But he always came down to earth again, more greenish and yellowish and blueish and Microbish than ever.

His features were insignificant, with the exception of his eyes, which were remarkably intelligent, and indeed almost beautiful.

Mentally the Microbe was prodigiously clever. He was a born inventor, but like a good many of the tribe he was unpractical.

His great forte was electricity, and he had an electrical arrangement in his quarters which was popularly supposed to call him in the morning, boost him out of bed, shave him, put him in his bath, take him out again, and dry him, boil his tea, and brush his boots—all by a combination of clockwork and electricity.

One time, however, when the Microbe was away a visitor—a retired and apoplectic General—was put up in his quarters for the night.

No one knows precisely how it happened, but early next morning there was an appalling shindy from the Microbe's quarters, and rushing in we found the General in the grip of a fearsome looking engine, all arms, and wheels, and levers, which was industriously endeavouring to black his face. That, however, is another yarn.

I daresay if the War Office had taken the Microbe and chained him up in a laboratory, he might have evolved something useful — and the British Army might today have had a flying machine that would fly.

But after the War Office custom they put the Microbe on to the work he was least fitted to perform, namely, building operations, and, generally speaking, public works.

His first job was to build us a gymnasium, which was badly needed at our station.

It took a fearful time to build, and it cost about as much as the Hotel Cecil, but it was not a success. There was one small, but rather serious, defect in its structure. The Microbe had omitted to provide a door.

Of course, it may have entered the Microbe's ingenious mind that the gymnasts would benefit by the exercise of clambering in through the skylight.

But with the exception of the Sappers, the garrison were not pleased.

The R.E. Department, however, were delighted. They set to work with a will, fresh plans were planned, fresh specifications specified, and in about six months' time the door was put in.

Then the gymnasium collapsed, like a badly-made house of cards. We might have welcomed this catastrophe, if only the Microbe had been inside the building when it fell, but alas he wasn't.

The Government having evidently found a man after their own hearts next set the Microbe to build us a reservoir.

He built it, and then the rains came—I am talking of India—and as soon as the rains came the reservoir burst, and jolly nearly swept us into Kingdom come.

Our Colonel was pretty sick of the Microbe by this time, and hired a respectable Thug to interview him.

But the Thug having had the Microbe pointed out to him fled shuddering, and muttering that it was not well to interfere with those whom Shaitan had afflicted.

The Microbe's crowning achievement, so far as my Indian memories of him are concerned, was his installation of the electric light at the Club. We didn't want electric light at the Club, we much preferred the old oil lamps, but somehow or other the Microbe managed to get his way, and began his fell work.

For weeks the Club was a snaky wilderness of wire. I don't know exactly how much wire the Microbe used in the course of his operations, but I should say that a hundred miles would not be an extravagant computation.

At last, however, the great day for the formal installation came, and towards evening we all assembled in the reading room.

It was, I may say, a "cock and hen" club as is usual on Indian stations, and there were a good many ladies present.

All lamps had been removed by the Microbe's orders, his idea being suddenly to dazzle us with his electric light.

The Microbe went outside to the power-house, and we sat expectant.

Minutes passed and nothing happened, except that the night fell with the suddenness [illegible] to tropic climes, and we were plunged in [illegible] ness.

I imagine, judging by the subdued giggling and whispering that came from various parts of the room, that some of the younger members of the party did not object to this dusky vigil.

But to the older people it soon grew tiresome, and after we had vainly waited about a quarter of an hour old Col. MacChutney [illegible] muttering something about "d——[illegible] started to grope his way towards the [illegible]

We dimly saw him feeling his way along the wall, and then suddenly he let out a fearful yell and judging by the sound that followed fell flat on his back.

Almost at the same moment there came a wicked crackling and sparkling of electric sparks from all round the room.

One flash revealed old MacChutney lying kicking on his back and using language which even in the circumstances I must describe as highly reprehensible.

Then came blind, unreasoning panic. Men and women tumbled over each other trying to reach the door, and whenever they touched a wall wails of agony arose.

The place seemed to be a trellis work of live electric wires, though of regular light there was none.

At last someone managed to force his way out and presently returned with a lamp.

Dreadful was the scene its light revealed. Old MacChutney still lay on his back, kicking feebly but cursing worse than ever.

From beneath a confused heap of wailing femininity there peeped the agonised and [illegible] flattened visage of the Padre.

All about the room were dotted men and women in attitudes suggestive of convulsion—a professional contortionist. Few had escaped a shock from the Microbe's infernal wires, and these had come to grief in the general scramble.

It was at this precise moment that the Microbe reappeared: he was awfully sorry, but something had gone wrong, but if we would only mind waiting another five minutes—Enough. Indeed, we thought far too much.

We took the Microbe outside, and [illegible] kicked his dynamos and things into [illegible] we tied him up in yards and yards of [illegible] till he looked like a metallic cocoon, and we went back to lamps.

* * * * * *

I was destined to meet the Microbe once again in another country.

The authorities thought that the camp and particularly the parade ground required a system of drainage—it was a land subject to heavy rains—and they entrusted the Microbe with the job.

No doubt the Microbe would have achieved scientific immortality if he had succeeded in his idea of making the water in his drains run up hill.

Unaccountable though it may seem, he failed to accomplish this object, and the parade ground was turned into a half-swamp, half-[illegible] panse, on which, by the way, we enjoyed excellent mixed shooting.

That was all right. In fact, we were grateful to the Microbe for bringing the [illegible] to our very doors, and also making it [illegible] for us to drill.

But unfortunately the Microbe's operations led to a serious outbreak of enteric fever, which decimated not only the camp, but the adjacent village.

I daresay the Microbe would not have heard much about the matter from the military authorities—a sapper is a sort of sacrosanct personage.

The civilian authorities, however—big, burly Colonials—were excessively annoyed with the Microbe, and took steps to have him cast in damages, if not indeed into gaol.

That was enough for the Microbe. He skedaddled to England, and soon afterwards resigned. The only sane thing he ever did in his life.

THE POWER OF PUBLICITY.

Last week thirty replies were received by one of our readers who availed himself of our Readers' Sale and Exchange page.

"I sold the thing within twelve hours of my advertisement appearing," he writes; "I only wish I had had twenty-nine others to sell."

This feature will be equally useful and profitable to you; turn to the third page of cover for all particulars.

WHINES FROM THE WOOD.

[It will be remembered that Mr. Stanley L. Wood and the late Mr. Guy Boothby rose to fame together, so that the former's recollections of his old friend are particularly interesting. I am not likely to forget the effect which the first book of the one and the illustrations of the other had upon myself.—Ed.]

THE MAN AND THE DOG.

Time took him too soon, and it is with a feeling of sadness that I look back. Still, I know that he, who so loved anything approaching a joke would, were he still with us, chuckle as he read the following weak attempt to discribe my impressions, for was not the Doctor and his cat endeared him to many? And are we only to chat happily of those alive?

* * * * * * * * *

I flung open the studio door and some one floundered cheerfully forward and we gripped hands.

That was how we first met.

Later I lay on a couch with a big pipe going bravely, the while impressed by the man's reading of the hero's doings on Thursday Island. I was doubly impressed by the weight of an over affectionate white bulldog carelessly coiled up on my chest.

That dog weighed about as much as a cow.

Incidentally I would remark here that I am constructed on the style of the modern villa—small and unobtrusive—yet most of the Men whom I have illustrated have been built on the Chicago style of sky-scraper architecture.

No wonder I've always felt small.

Also my knowledge of dogs is limited.

One sampled my near calf in the days gone by—since when I haven't displayed much interest in them, except from the tops of 'buses.

But this particular Man's dog scraped an acquaintance with me and the best part of the shine off my boots at the same time.

Also he used to lick my face with such affection that shaving was a painful dream to be deferred for at least a week; but it was the curling up on my chest that was most trying. I got quite a dip in my breast bones.

Some men might have kicked that dog—once. Knowing that dog pretty well, I somehow think the dog would have done the rest.

Well, now I've drifted into dog when I should have been talking about the Man, but the Man and the dog were so much one and the same that it is hard to think of them apart, for if the Man turned up, there was the dog—and there was the dog sitting calmly on my chest, while the Man was sitting on my illustrations.

They were always perfectly happy—those two, and always got the better of me in chaff.

I remember once the Man fished out what looked like a half-[illegible], shelly-blackened beer can.

"I've right across a continent!" said he joyously, as the dog stretched right across my chest.

"Why don't you drink your beer like a Christian," said I, "from a bottle or a glass?"

"Beer, you heathen!" he yelled. "Tea! Tea! It's a billy, an Australian billy, you infidel!"

Dear, dear! I thought if people like to wander over Australia drinking tea out of beer cans it's no concern of mine, but I prefer a teapot.

Yet—stay. Can the drinking of tea from a pot compensate for those long nights in the giant bush when the pale moon shines through the ghostly gums, those burning days, crouching over the withers of a tired horse as the hot sand blows and whistles as from a furnace blast, those days of the [illegible] Silence when the faint echo of a [illegible] of the Great Beyond seems to strike [illegible] and bubbles on the lonely camp fire—but hold up! or you'll say I'm writing sermons instead of impressions.

The Man and the dog were always the impression, then the books, and if any of the books have conveyed the idea of big hearted-[illegible] and manliness, then I needn't say [illegible] because that was the Man.

And so—we'll let it [illegible] that.

Stanley L. Wood.

THE WOODMAN.

A PORTRAIT.

It was such a day as puts into the heart a strong desire to be walking. The breath of Spring came laden with innumerable scents in at the open window, and without ado I rose to meet it, and soon was steaming with new life and vigour across the fields towards the straggling wood, never so entrancing as at this first burst of sun and reawakening life.

The ground still oozed with winter rains, and when I jumped the fences and strode across the still full ditches the ground around me bubbled and sucked as it felt my full weight pounding it.

Scrambling through the shaggy fence, I plunged deep within the wood and its spell came upon me like magic.

Standing to realise the fresh delight of all around I heard the jingling tits high in the oak tops. The chaffinch had begun his springtime trill; thrushes darted hurriedly along with bills well loaded with dry building grass; and best of all the new, clear, green luscious shoots of hyacinth were pushing up their spikes through massed brown leaves fast rotting back to elemental earth to feed the newer growths.

I listened spellbound.

Then there came, half muffled through the trees, the sharper sound of axe and breaking branch, and I knew that the woodman was at work in the heart of the forest.

Some hours already he has been busied in the healthiest of all labour.

All the year round he trudges out here to woodland solitudes and is glad when a visitor comes his way. No words can fully picture the surroundings of this hardy man.

A wide space, deep among the trees, formed his open workshop. Piled high around were wattled hurdles he had made, with supple underwood for interlacing, and with stouter staves to hold the "sheep-gates" in the earth.

A carpet of new moss and budding primroses spread all around, and scents of bark and leaf and sweetening earth mingled not unpleasantly with the smoke from his dark and juicy clay.

I never saw such health in any man. Supple he was as any sapling, ruddy as the hazel skin, firm as the sturdy oaks, and graceful as the smoother ashes that grew on every hand.

Day in, day out, he worked the wood to his will, displaying a wealth of persuasion and technique. The trees he looked upon as children, humouring their waywardness, knowing the character and habits of each kind, handling them with strength and purpose that showed no sign of roughness, always hard at work and never finished with his labour. Yet I verily believe he felt the mystery and the beauty in his own way and gloried in the facts of life and strength and growth.

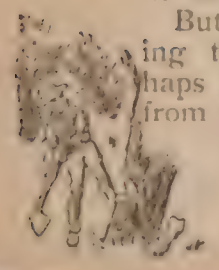
Unlike so many labouring men, he never ceased his work to talk and ease his back, for woodcraft keeps a man in fine condition. Every limb and muscle has its turn when felling, faggoting or hurdle-making.

He has but one great enemy—the rabbit. The "varmints" bark the saplings and so spoil their chances of a handsome growth. They eat the tender shoots and cause intense dismay to every woodman who takes pride in his woodlands. Frost and snow drive them off the fields and then the woods are ravaged in a single night.

Sometimes he lights a fire in the midst of his clearing, and then, in the autumn darkness, the blue smoke curls skyward in weird wreaths against the cold purple of the dormant trees, and the scent of burning wood brings, even to his bleak surroundings, a sense of comfort and of fireside ease.

Shelter and shade he has from storm and sun, and life for him goes peacefully along, the seasons only bringing change of scene and change of work.

But always he is in his forest clearing, living the simplest life, and—who knows?—perhaps learning the secrets that are ever kept from men in busier walks. E. S. Gilbey.



MY NOTEBOOK.

THE STRENGTH OF "MY NOTEBOOK." When I started this paper "My Notebook" was not a very successful feature. In it I dealt with certain sporting and other matters of masculine interest, but I did it in a purely impersonal way; I did not suppose that any of my readers would care to know about myself.

During the first few weeks I received many letters complimenting me upon the paper as a whole, but, though various features were singled out for special commendation, nobody thought "My Notebook" worth mentioning. I don't mind saying that I was a little disappointed.

Then on one memorable evening I wrote a good deal about myself. I read it all next morning as I travelled to town, and I wondered whether I should print it or tear it up. I printed it, and from that time "My Notebook" has been popular.

I have kept up the personal note, and no one has asked me to drop it. That fact, however, need not deter you if you have a mind to pull me up. If you have had enough about myself, just say the word and I shall look for other topics.

Pending your decision, I propose to give you a little more.

HOW I WRITE. I don't quite know why so many readers have become personally attached to me through a perusal of these brief notes, but I suppose it is because I describe myself just as I am.

I daresay I could invent a much more attractive and romantic character, but I don't think it would be convincing. I have shown myself to you as I am, without any colouring, and the fact that you have got to like me proves the old, old saying that a good penny is worth more than half-a-crown that doesn't ring true.

I have given myself away a hundred times; I have shown you most of my faults—my virtues, I fear, are few—and you have offered me the hand of friendship. I suppose it is because I have made no sort of pretence, but have simply exhibited myself as a man like you; having so much in common, we naturally become friends.

MY PERSONALITY. An enthusiastic Coventry reader informs me that I am a power in the land, that I am the founder of a new school of thought.

I have written to him, telling him that I only wish I were. I would willingly set up as a philosopher, but I lack the genius. I am not the clever person whom he pictures me to be. I am simply an average young man, with a good deal of spare energy, and a tendency to being outspoken.

If you came to see me—and perhaps you will be good enough to do so some day, as many of my other readers have done—I believe you would be rather disappointed.

I don't quite know what my visitors expect, but when the sergeant who guards the approach to my office shows them into my private room they have a nasty trick of saying: "Can I see the Editor?" They ought to know by this time that I am young, so I don't think it can be that that makes them suppose I am not the man. Possibly they expect to find a cross between Hayden Coffin and Sandow. If so I may as well disillusion them.

I am a young man possessed of certainly not more than the average of good looks. Height, five feet eleven-and-a-half; breadth in proportion; hair, a dirty sort of brown; face, clean-shaven; eyes, blue; expression, placid—generally; health, robust, as an insurance doctor recently informed me when he passed me as a "first-class life."

That is a pen portrait of the writer of these lines.

Pretty ordinary altogether, as you will agree.

MY TEMPER. I am rather a believer in being polite to everybody, not so much because it is a sound business axiom as because I like my fellow creatures, unless they give me cause to do otherwise.

Sometimes they do that. Then they get the rough side of my tongue so quickly and in such copious quantity that they find themselves at a loss for a reply. I daresay they think of many biting rejoinders afterwards—and occasionally they set them down in writing and send them to me in the form of a letter—but at the time their breath is taken away by the sudden transformation of a placid young man into something else.

A BREEZE. The other day the representative of a publishing firm came to me and offered to let me have the part services of his travellers at a certain figure. The idea was worth consideration, as it was just possible that his men might be visiting certain newsagents on whom my own representatives had not called. So I telephoned to my publisher for his opinion.

My visitor heard only one side of the conversation, but he gathered from it that my publisher preferred to do without his help.

"As I supposed," he said, when I hung up the receiver, "he won't co-operate with my firm."

"Not meantime, anyhow," I replied.

"Well," he said, "when you're older as a newspaper proprietor you'll be wiser."

I don't know why he said that—perhaps it was because I had been polite to him, and politeness is regarded by some people as a sign of weakness. I don't know either whether I was justified in acting as I did, but under the same circumstances I should do it again.

I told him concisely that though my wisdom might not be equal to that of Solomon, or even to that of himself, it was yet sufficient for the successful conduct of my business; I tore up the pamphlets and the visiting card he had given me and dropped them in the waste basket. I had him outside the room in considerably less than half-a-minute; and I instructed the sergeant to see to it that he was not admitted again.

I may have acted hastily, but an insult or slight I regard as intolerable either in business or private life. Anyhow I do not think that I was justified in spreading the news in Fleet Street that I was a devil in human shape, for I became as placid as ever as soon as I had finished with him.

MY ADVERTISEMENTS. A reader protests against the new system of placing advertisements amongst the reading matter. I think that his objection is unjustified. I have not increased the amount of space devoted to advertising, so that you still have as much reading matter as ever; I took this step in order to draw attention to the advertisements, for the advertisers are my very good friends.

It would be absolutely impossible for me to run a paper the size of The Modern Man without advertisements; if I attempted to do so I should be losing money very heavily each week, in spite of my large circulation.

My advertising revenue enables me to present to my readers better matter and more of it than would otherwise be possible. I trust that, such being the case, my readers will do their best to support my advertisers by putting as much business in their way as possible.

Presently, as the demands of advertisers upon my space increase, I hope to enlarge the paper, so that you will have more reading matter than ever.

Till then I ask you not to resent the presence of advertisements on the literary pages. By all means do what you can for the advertisers. By reading them you help me.

Your [illegible]

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE FRATERNAL INSTINCT

By R. D. CROMBIE.

He was waiting when the woman was shown into the room. Save for the fitful glow thrown out from the dying flames the room was in darkness.

A silver clock on the mantel tinkled eight with ludicrous hurry, as if anxious to interrupt the silence. Somewhere in the house a bell rang. The man stirred, and looked at his watch as if he had just become aware of the gloom. She rose and was lighting the gas when the maid-servant came in.

"Mr. Richmond wants to see you, m'm," said the girl.

For an instant the hand holding the taper shook, and there was a perceptible pause before the woman spoke.

"Ask him in," she said, tidying her hair mechanically.

The visitor was a big, dark, determined-looking man. She advanced to meet him with a smile of welcome.

"Well!" he exclaimed, retreating a step after shaking hands, and eyeing her closely.

"Well?" she returned, her smile more natural. "It's some time since you came, isn't it?"

"Ten weeks," he said shortly.

"Charles is away," she said.

"Yes, I know. I saw him at the station this afternoon with another man, his clerk, I think."

"Yes, it would be Tomlinson. They've gone to Edinburgh for some inspection work."

"That," continued Richmond, going straight to his point, "explains why I'm here."

"That sounds rather bad," she observed lightly, but with anxious eyes.

"I gathered he was still the same," he said, looking straight at her.

"Oh, he was drunk that night," she said casually. "But won't you sit down?"

"It wasn't as much a matter of indifference to me as it appears to you," he answered, without moving.

"Wasn't it?" said the woman, sitting down to cover her quick start. "I suppose you were talking of his disgraceful behaviour to you the last time you were here?"

"Heavens, Evelyn!" he said sharply, pulling a chair from beneath the table. "You don't think I cared about that? It was the insult to you that I can't forget nor that I was the cause of it. Knowing you as I've done since you were a girl, I thought I was as free to visit you when alone as when Charles was at home."

"In fact," she said keenly, "you were annoyed by such complete friendliness towards us that his suspicions were a worse insult because they were so unjust?"

"Yes," he said flatly.

"H—m!" She paused. "Well?"

"Ev, I hope you won't think it a confounded liberty——" he began, with the first sign of hesitation.

"Then you—Jack!"

"It's better," he said briskly. "Well, I am anxious to say good-bye before leaving England."

"Leaving England!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. I'm going to Canada."

"Business, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes. Farming."

"For good?" asked the woman, looking up and [illegible] the fire kindly.

"I'm going to join an old friend out [illegible] He's urged me to more than once."

"And you've come in to say good-bye?"

"Yes."

"Then something else."

"I want you to promise me something," he said quietly.

"What is it?" she asked in a low voice, with dying hope.

"Come over here, Evelyn, in front of me," he said with a transition to warmth that evidently in past years had been powerful to affect her.

She obeyed and stood before him.

"Are you happy?" he asked bluntly.

"Whether I am or not is no affair of yours, is it?" she returned stonily.

"Come!" he exclaimed, with a chiding laugh.

"What do *you* care?" she said with quivering temper.

"Of course I care," he said kindly. "That's what I'm here for. I want to be sure of something before I go."

She turned from him abruptly and sat down.

"Look here!" he said. "You're not happy. I know it. I know you feel the indignity of Charles's weakness for drink. And it wouldn't surprise me to hear he ill-treats you, though you've never said so. That's why I've stayed away. I hate to see a woman humiliated."

Her harsh laugh made him stare.

"Still," he continued more earnestly, "I believe everything can be endured if—if you care for him."

She leaned forward and spoke very clearly.

"Then you really want to know whether I love my husband?"

"Yes," he said seriously. "It amounts to that."

"I don't," she replied. Then with abrupt fierceness: "I hate, loathe and utterly abominate him."

"Then I did right to come," he said. "Evelyn, you must promise me if you find you can't go on you'll leave him."

"I'll get you a whisky-and-soda," she said.

She went over to the sideboard and prepared the drink. He got up and strode after her.

"You hinted delicately that my husband's treatment might be an indignity," she said, as she handed him the glass. "You were right. Look here!"

Her finger pointed to one cheek.

"He struck you!"

"Bah! There are worse things!" she said savagely. "Brutality stirs up resentment and that's a courage in itself. No," her voice was subdued to one of burning quietness, "but a quiet, well-hid system of domestic torture breaks one in the end. It's the degradation of the slums without the opportunity to screech." She brushed a hand over her face. "Ah! what's the matter!"

"I shall certainly have to wring his neck before I go," he said, putting his hands out and working the fingers thoughtfully.

"Would you?" she asked, so eagerly that he started back. "Ah, words are cheap! There's such brotherhood between you men. You never willingly interfere unless some loss to yourselves is threatened."

"Look here," he said, "something's got to be done. You can't stay with that brute. Why haven't you left him before? You've no children."

"Children of his and mine!" She shuddered.

"You must leave him," he said decisively.

"And do what?" she asked with faint scorn.

"Can't you go back home?"

"No. I won't go home or anywhere. Do I want the pity of self-righteous, happier folk who invariably believe the woman is to blame?"

"Then what?" he said helplessly.

"Nothing. Go on with it, that's all. Why, my dear Jack," she added, "thousands of women have to do the same. You needn't look so horrified."

He began to stride up and down the room, his head bent. At length he halted before her, an expression of iron resolve on his face.

"Evelyn," he said, "when we were kids together, you know I——"

He waited for her to speak, but she only stared past him into vacancy.

"Evelyn," he said steadily, making a step forward; "I have always loved you. Will you come away with me to Canada?"

She looked at him at last.

"Jack, it's brave of you," she said gently, "but don't lie any more."

"I do love you," he said stoutly.

She smiled sadly.

"Had you loved me I should never have married Charles, for—you wouldn't have let me. You would have had me yourself."

"Great heaven! Then I'm to blame for all this?"

"No, no," she said hurriedly. "No one is to blame."

He broke in with savage impatience:

"You shall come away with me!"

She shook her head.

"You *shall!* I won't leave you behind to the mercy of the husband who loves you. He does love you, I suppose?" he said ironically.

"Yes—in his way," she said dully.

"I shall treat you better than he's done. And you'll have to rough it. That friend of mine is right out as far as the pioneers have got. He writes powerful letters; he speaks of the space, the calm, the rolling immensity of earth waiting for development. That's where we'll go, you and I." He laughed, absorbed in the picture his mind had conjured up.

The woman was breathing hard.

"In your way—your overbearing, primitive way, you do love me. I can see that. But you're a savage, Jack. There's something crushing about you." With a little gasp and a laugh: "I'm not sure that I object to it. You can kiss me if you like."

He was taking a step towards her when a bell rang. They stared at each other guiltily.

"He's come home," she said.

"The devil!"

There was a tap on the door and the maid brought in a telegram. Evelyn opened it in a tense silence.

"All right, Mary," she said in a still voice. "There's no answer." She waited till the door was shut, then she turned swiftly.

"Jack"—the voice was electric—"Jack!"

He jumped. "What is it?"

"Jack, he's dead! He's dead!"

"What!" he said, stiffening with horror.

"Look!" she exclaimed, thrusting the telegram into his hand.

With a dumb expression he took it from her and read it. He looked at her and then again at the message.

"Dead?" he said. "'Train accident at Carlisle. Your husband fatally injured. Come at once.—Tomlinson.'"

"Yes!" she said triumphantly. "Jack, we're free!"

"Dead," whispered Richmond to himself. "And I—here—with his wife! Ugh!" He shook himself.

Looking up he saw her glad face.

"Have you got a time-table?" he asked harshly. "You must start by the next train."

She gazed at him wonderingly, all the joy ebbing from her face and leaving it fixed and white. At last she spoke, with cold unconcern:

"I'm not going."

"Evelyn!" he said, more harshly.

"He's dead," she said tonelessly. "The man who has tortured me for two years is dead. I'm glad."

"What sort of a woman are you?" he whispered.

She eyed him unmoved.

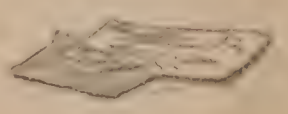
"Can't you forgive him now? Woman, you have no feeling, no heart."

He snatched his hat from the table.

"If you won't go," he said, glaring, "*I shall.*"

She stood erect with expressionless face.

The outer door banged.



Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

STRATEGY.

If I could impress you with the fact that business life to-day is a species of warfare, I should be giving you a very accurate idea of the true state of things.

It is polite warfare certainly. You lunch with a man, you even invite him to your home for business purposes; you are trying to get out of him some bargain.

It is good that the sharp edges of the business conflict should be rounded off in this pleasing social manner, but it is not right to suppose that the thorns are non-existent, because they are not apparent.

In striving for business supremacy, you are endeavouring to get the better of somebody all the time. Remember that you are doing it honestly, both from the point of view of the law and from that of ethics. Moreover, you will not do anything that is mean, but you cannot afford to forget that you are fighting for your own hand, and that you are to yourself the dearest person on earth.

If you forget these facts, if you turn up to your office to spend the time there without having a definite campaign in view, you are but marking time, if not going backwards, and it is only a matter of months or years till you find yourself amongst the number of business have-beens.

You must fight—straightly of course—but with strategy and with a definite purpose.

To illustrate my meaning, I may mention a small point which was disclosed to me the other day by one of the most successful merchants in London.

"In my line of business," he said, "it is necessary for me to get into the good books of many people. It is also impossible for me to see all my prospective customers personally, and therefore I must rely upon a written message. It depends upon the time when this message arrives.

"It is very common, for instance, for a batch of letters of the custom-soliciting type to be dispatched some time on Saturday. Often this is due to a typist being negligent or being overworked, and to her having to finish her letters after one o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

"Be the reason what it may, the result is uniformly unsatisfactory. Letters posted on Saturday forenoon or afternoon reach their destination first thing on Monday morning. The man whom the letter was intended to influence gets to his office more than half sick of business life, and contrasting it unfavourably with the pleasures of his week-end. He finds on his desk a doubly large pile of letters, and his one idea is to get through them with the least amount of trouble. Hence the ill-timed letter, which reaches a man when he is not in the mood for receiving it, is tossed to one side, and possibly never attended to at all.

"I never send a letter to a man to reach him on Monday, if I can help it. If circumstances force me to communicate with him on that day, I have the letter posted on Sunday, so that it does not reach him till after lunch on Monday. He is then in a good temper; the bulk of pressing business has been transacted, and he is ready to give attention to the matter which I lay before him. For all that, I avoid Monday whenever possible.

"Saturday also I bar, because on that day a man is thinking how he can expedite the dealing with his correspondence, for his hoart is set on the freedom of the week-end."

The timing of a letter may seem a small matter, but, as I have shown, it has been a subject of careful thought with my friend, and as he is a very successful man, the principle in spirit at least is worth following.

It would be impossible for me to lay down rules for the conduct of any business other than my own, for each line demands its own particular methods, but the general principle of continual planning and honest strategy is common to every sphere of business life.

I invite you to pause, and think in what respects your own business could be improved by a little plotting and planning—that it is capable of improvement you yourself will be the first to admit, if you look at the matter candidly. And should a man ever be anything but candid with himself?

MODESTY AND FAILURE.

It has been said that all forms of initiative and aggressiveness are but variants of vulgarity. If such were true every successful business man would have to be vulgar. But we must remember that the world of business is not a drawing-room, and one cannot afford to give way to a rival at every point, nor is such extreme courtesy expected.

The modest man lacks self-confidence. He is endeavouring to sell something to a client, or to bring off a business deal of some other nature. His first overtures are met with refusal, and he lacks the self-assertiveness necessary for persisting that his view is the right one and his arguments sound.

He allows the deal to fall through simply because he is too courteous to contradict the other when he is told that his proposals are impracticable.

Modesty is a safeguard certainly, for it prevents one from attempting things beyond one's power, but it is a quality that must be kept resolutely in the background during the actual struggle of bringing off a deal.

PRICE MAINTENANCE.

The Proprietary Articles Trade Association exists for the so-called protection of the small retailer. Its object is to assist manufacturers in maintaining high prices for proprietary goods. Patent medicines nominally cost 1s. 1½d., but can be profitably sold at 10½d.; below this figure, however, the Association forbids the retailer to sell.

Should he do so, he will, after many courteous warnings and protests, find his supplies cut off.

A friend of mine is, probably, London's most notorious price cutter, and the other day he gave me some interesting insight into his methods of defying the Association. When he first began to sell a certain brand of pills at 8d. a box, he was astonished at the remarkable run which there was upon them. Women and boys flocked to his shop and bought the pills, till the stock was all exhausted. He afterwards discovered that these customers were merely emissaries from the manufacturer, who now cut off all further supplies.

He has run himself into trouble with many other manufacturers, but he still manages to sell below the standard minimum prices. His favourite plan is to work through an agent who buys the goods in vast quantities for export. The goods are sent to Hamburg, where they are transhipped and reimported into London. In spite of all this extra expense he still manages to sell the pills referred to at 8d. a box with satisfactory profit to himself.

The morality of price maintenance has been much discussed, such an organisation as the Army and Navy Stores having set itself sternly against it.

CAN I LEARN SHORTHAND?

Many people, realising the great advantage of shorthand, ask themselves this question. ... many persons who take up the study fail, ... the question is well put. We will show ... this is so, and will tell you how to avoid failure. The shorthand mostly used in this country is based on a geometrical system, and, invented some seventy years ago, its use has now become widespread. The fact that it is used so widely does not prove it to be better than other systems invented since. It was simply the first in the field, and secured many adherents before there were any competitors. All geometric systems have two great faults—they are hard to write and hard to read. This is due to the fact that almost every word may be written in several different ways, running from two to nearly a thousand. Is there any system which does not contain these defects? Yes. The Gregg system of shorthand lately introduced into this country by Mr. Guilbert Pitman is written entirely without shading, without line position, without alternative forms for the same sound, without backward strokes, and without awkward angles or disjoined vowels.

EASE OF LEARNING.

One of the features that appeals instantly to the student is its wonderful simplicity. There are but fifty simple rules in the text-book, and the exceptions so few as to be hardly worth mentioning. The uniform slant of characters, as in longhand, and the connecting of vowels and consonants in their natural order, strip Gregg Shorthand of all difficulty in learning, conduce to the highest speed, and render it absolutely legible. These are the principles upon which Gregg Shorthand is built. The development of this material, each principle fitting with scientific precision to the others, must be studied to be fully appreciated. It naturally follows that if a thing is simple in itself, the acquisition of it can also be made simple. Gregg Shorthand is so easily comprehended, the principles of it so few, and, above all, so tangible, that learning it is a delightful task.

LEARNING THE SYSTEM.

Gregg Shorthand is wholly unlike any of the other systems, the only thing in common between it and them being that they all record language, but with this difference—Gregg Shorthand records it with unerring fidelity, and it is always legible. The system being so unlike others, and the material employed in such a different a manner, the study of it can be accomplished very readily without interfering with other work. It is like learning a new language—only immensely easier, of course—and it possesses all the interest of such a study. And remember this—if you learn Gregg Shorthand you will have time to learn other things.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO LEARN?

Probably the above question is put to the Publisher more frequently than any other, and to no question is it more difficult to give an answer. Everything depends upon the qualifications and ability of the student and his style of ordinary writing, and the time that can be devoted to the practice daily. The rate of dictation is said to be about 100 words a minute, and the average time required to attain this speed in Gregg Shorthand is from three to four months. Gregg Shorthand can be learned from the books alone, and the time required is not great, probably four weeks for ordinary corresponding style. ... venience of having a teacher to ... advice and direction, either personally ... should, however, be availed of if ... Guilbert Pitman will be pleased to ... on this subject freely, and will send ... to any reader of THE MODERN MAN ... send him a postcard to 85, Fleet Street.

[Advt.]

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

[I naturally am an ardent lover of the country and of everything connected with it, and I believe that the majority of my readers have like sympathies. I therefore commend to your notice the following, which presents an unusual aspect of country life.—YOURS, EDITOR.]

In the village, clustered within a circle of trees, the labourer was enjoying his evening pipe as he leisurely bent about his little flower garden. A long string of rooks was making its way homeward from outlying feeding grounds.

Here, such as may adequately represent, lay upon the community.

The last load had been safely bedded, huge with remnants of the heavy crop of which lately carried still clinging to their sides and framework, stood gaping with doors stretched out upon the ground in sheer abandonment to slackness and repose; the high children at play spoke of careless and the restfulness of evening was every creature and object.

THE SPREADING OF THE NEWS.

But at this impressionable hour that there throughout the village, in that vague, various way strange news so often runs, a of some unusual and disturbing causes at work. Hands were raised commanding silence to catch the portent of shrill windows and doors were cautiously and inquiring voices called to one anacross the village street.

Then a cry was heard in the direction of the hurrying and shouting, and then with recognition of the facts, it burst upon village that the great rick yard was

The scene of infinite repose and quietude became the scene of alarm and excitement of the direst character. Hurrying from their cottages like ants swarming from a trampled antmen, women, and even the youngest chilstreamed excitedly up the little street, makquickly for the farmyard.

TUMULT.

As they ran, the truth of the report came to them vividly, for the house tops glowed and flickered in the fierce illumination, and the trees stood still and ghostly in an unaccustomed glare. Borne on the gentle wind the smell of smouldering herbage had saturated the entire place.

Flurried figures in all stages of attire, hurried to and fro, shouting advice and commands. Some clamoured, naturally, for water, but most seemed to know at the moment of utterance neither where or how to find or fetch it. Bells were blown incessantly; guns were fired into the air, in an endeavour to attract attention and help from neighbouring villages. The din, the increasing flames, the rolling clouds of suffocating smoke, and, to crown all, the clanging of the three little bells in the church tower were apparently absorbing the attention of the entire population, to the utter distraction of any really useful and practical measures of cure and prevention of further damage.

FIRE AT THE FARM

In a brief interval, alternating with the still clanging bells and the crackling of the flames, the authoritative voice of the farmer's son could be heard. Naming many of those he saw around him, he was apportioning their work. These should take pails to and from the pond; those should work the windlass of the well; yet others should take their turns at the pump; and, choosing a squad of half-a-dozen of the smartest young men of the village, he asked them to stay around with him to direct the actual work of extinction.

Then, with a last word of encouragement, he leaped down from the ladder from which he had addressed them, and set to work in earnest.

The fire had burned furiously for a considerable time, and already several ricks were enveloped in curling flames that rendered a near approach almost impossible. Angry tongues licked round the edges and stretched like human things across the spaces between the ricks.

FIRELIGHT STUDIES.

A rain of sparks descended without intermission, and now and then great clouds of black and choking flames enveloped the men for long spells, leaving them scorched and begrimed, and looking like incarnate fiends in the lurid glow.

Hours seemed to pass before the engine from the town, seven miles away, was heard clattering up the street; its horses, unaccustomed to such travelling, were sweating and steaming and almost exhausted as they drew up in the field at the nearest point to the burning ricks.

The quaint-looking red "manual," with its long bars on either side, was immediately manned by two lusty teams of men, while others stood in readiness to relieve the tired workers as soon as was necessary.

Running rapidly round the burning yard, now a smoking, steaming, blackened scene of ruin, the firemen quickly conquered, and within half-an-hour of their arrival no flame could be seen; only the dense mingled smoke and steam rose with a satisfied sizzling roar from the still scorching hearts of several ricks, while the old barn, its thatch reduced to dust, looked like some ancient ruin in the darkness, its charred beams twisted and fallen in complete confusion.

A REFRESHER.

The workers, thankful for a respite from their ceaseless labour and excitement, now grouped themselves round the engine, and the word passed from mouth to mouth that no further water was necessary.

Leaving three men in charge of the blackened yard, the rest—firemen and village workers—walked, at the invitation of the farmer, back to the house, where, passing in rapid succession past and under the stable pump, they were able to get rid of some at least of the grime and other evidences of their strenuous work.

It was a strange company that gathered a little later round the long table in the farmer's kitchen. While the ale and spirits passed freely among them, they fought the great battle over again.

They sat in all stages of dirt and dishevellment; sleeves were rolled high up brawny arms that were streaked with black; hardly a man wore a coat; many sat with hair soaked and straggling over their scorched faces.

THE MORNING AFTER.

This novel and well-earned breakfast had hardly reached its conclusion when it became apparent that the morning had dawned. Streaming out into the chill dawn, the whole company gathered once more round the scene of the night's disaster. A strange, dank smell rose from the rick yard.

The workers, feeling the loss of rest that had never been so rudely broken, dispersed to their cottages to gather an hour's refreshing sleep before the coming day once more demanded its toll of less strenuous but still exacting and necessary labour.

G. F. PLATT.

WHOA IS ME!

BY A CABBY.

To see me on my dicky you'd probably put me down as one of the luckiest of working men. I've always got on good clothes and a clean collar, but that's just my fad, and not that I'm any too well able to afford it.

For my hansom and two horses I pay eight to eleven shillings a day according to the length of time I have them out, and sixpence a day yard money. I'm lucky when I can take home five bob at night, and often my profit isn't above half that.

But the matter of cash isn't my only trouble; there are others.

For example. An old woman and her husband caught me in the Edgware-Road one day and made me drive them to a house in South Kensington. I mention her first and him second, because she was about ten times his size and she bossed the show.

When she got in I trembled for the bottom of my cab. She had a bird cage in front of her, and I had a portmanteau, two hat-boxes and a big paper parcel on the roof. It was a tidy lot, and the 'busmen we passed wanted to know whether I was doing it as an advertisement, and suggested that a traction-engine wouldn't change places with my gee of its own free will.

Well, I got them home at last and told her what she had to pay.

"Oh, no, cabman," said she. "It's sixpence less than that. I've worked it all out as we've been coming along."

She showed me a notebook with a lot of sums and things, and a copy of the Hackney Carriages Act, which she said she always carried with her in case of dispute. She allowed twopence for each package and reckoned on the distance being three miles. If I wasn't content with what she said I'd have to summon her.

Well, I took it, but I meant to have that sixpence to which I thought I was entitled, as I reckoned the distance was over three miles. That night after I stopped work I went to the secretary of our union and put the case to him. He said I'd have to go over the ground with the measuring wheel, and I did.

This is a wheel about four feet in diameter, with a cyclometer attached, and I trundled it all the way I had been that morning. When I got to the house the indicator showed three miles exactly—not a yard more or less. So of course I could do nothing more.

It's my firm belief the old dear must have measured it out with a tape measure and called a cab just for spite.

I don't suppose there's anything in London so much tied down by laws as the cab. There's so many of them you'd never learn them all if you read nothing else while you're waiting for fares. One I tripped over only the other week.

It's laid down that an extra person must be paid for at the rate of sixpence a mile, and as I'd just driven three young men six miles, I reckoned I should have three shillings more than the usual fare which includes two people. They wouldn't pay, so I went to a magistrate and asked for a summons.

"Your cab is licensed for two people only," he said. "If you take a third you are doing an illegal thing, and you cannot demand payment. Run away!"

And I couldn't express my thoughts to him, for it wouldn't have been safe. I hadn't done it to my three fares, because I thought I was going to have them through the court.

I think of all my woes I'd put the police as an easy first. Most of them are decent chaps enough, but one or two go for us cabbies at every chance. According to strict law we may say "Cab, sir!" or raise a hand in invitation to a likely fare, only in certain places, and if we do it elsewhere some of these change-for-a-three-penny-bits is bound to be down on us.

Altogether I'm seriously thinking of joining the force myself. It would be so nice not to have to work for a living!

L. J. CONNOLLY.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

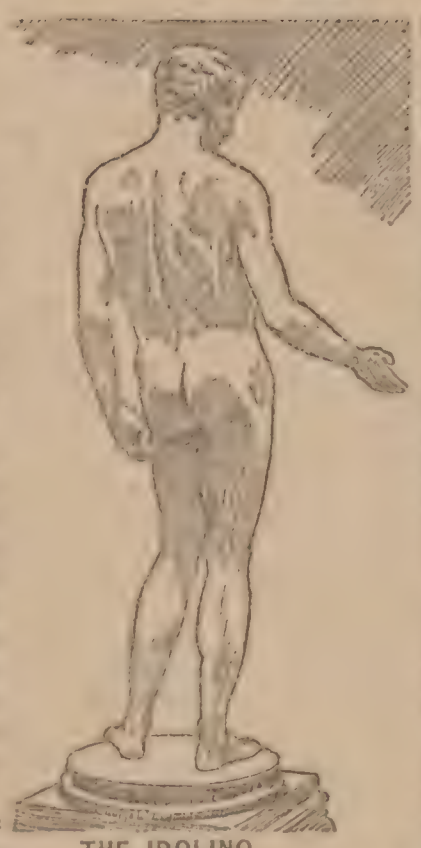
SPORTS AND CULTURE.

The enthusiastic physical culturist often makes the mistake of practising all his exercises indoors and of keeping clear of sport to a great extent.

But it is just when one is taking exercise and opening the lungs and pores, that fresh air is most necessary.

If you do your morning and evening exercises indoors, see that the window is thrown wide open before you start. The country reader who can find a secluded spot in garden or wood to which he may occasionally transfer his exercises, has a great advantage.

But physical culture must be combined with open air sport, if the development is to be anything but ungainly.



THE IDOLINO,
From the Archæological Museum, Florence.

Masses of muscle are not the only thing to be aimed at, you must pay some attention to the carriage and proportions.

Walking or running, or some of the various sports that involve them, are essential to the culturist whose object is not merely to bulge with muscle or to lift a weight of so many pounds.

He must acquire grace of form and movement. Several of the exercises which I give are devised with this end in view—the lunging exercises, for instance.

Fencing and dancing are "indoor" means of attaining the same end.

But outdoor games are most necessary, not only from a physical but a moral point of view, for the culturist is otherwise apt to become self-centred and conceited and to think that his own muscles are the be-all and the end-all of his life.

He must get rid of this idea.

What he wants is to become one of a team, to sink his individuality in it, and to get an opportunity of using his muscles in the interest of others.

It is the man who goes in for physical culture with a view to excelling in some particular sport, or still better, in his work in life, whatever it may be, that I have most respect for.

It is every man's duty to bring his body as near perfection as he can, but he must remember that great development is not an end in itself, but that it must be put to good uses.

The man who used his muscle to tyrannise over those weaker than himself would naturally earn contempt, but so should the man whose only object in acquiring it is to swagger—though he has some cause for a touch of conceit.

FOR THE WRISTS.

Clasp the hands together in front of the waist, so that the palms are close together, and the knuckles pointing upwards. Now make the right hand force the left over till the knuckles point as nearly as possible to the heels. Let the left hand resist this motion, and keep all the muscles tense. Repeat the exercise five times, and then do it with the left hand pressing and the right resisting.

Try this in your spare moments.

This is one of the exercises used by Japanese exponents of ju-jitsu, and it quickly toughens every muscle in the wrist, strength of which is essential for this particular form of wrestling.

GETTING FIT FOR EXERCISE.

When you get out of bed in the morning you have no doubt often felt most disinclined to start off with vigorous exercises at once.

Instead of going through them right off in a half-hearted sleepy sort of way, you had far better try to get your circulation working first.

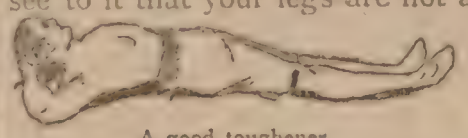
Start with your cold bath, if you are in the habit of indulging in that aid to health, or do the many small odd jobs that have to be done before you dress—the folding up of yesterday's clothes, the getting out or putting away of ties and collars.

Then you will feel fit to go through the morning exercises in a way that will be of some use to you, and you will have a little vigour to put into them.

Without it they can do you but little good, and while you must be careful not to overdo it and strain yourself, you must make up your mind to put all the vim you can muster into the exercise you have selected.

TOMMY BURNS' FAVOURITE.

Lie on your back and place your locked hands beneath your head. Now keep your knees perfectly stiff and raise your feet till they pass directly above your face and, describing a semi-circle, touch the floor behind your head. If you see to it that your legs are not allowed to bend, your weight will be resting on your shoulders when your toes reach the ground. Bring them back slowly to the first position, and repeat.



A good toughener.

You will need to see that you have plenty of clear floor space, for your evolutions at first may not be exactly what you intended, and it is not a bad plan to lie upon a fairly thick rug while you are doing the exercise, in order to save your shoulders a little.

This exercise rapidly toughens the abdominal muscles, besides benefiting those of the thighs and back to a very large extent. It is practised and advocated by nearly all professional boxers, including Burns, the recently defeated world's champion.

HOW TO GET COLOUR.

A man may be a thorough sportsman and yet be as white in the face as a girl. When this happens he is not altogether happy. For he likes to look a sportsman as well as be one; he wants the ruddy, possibly the rough, skin that proclaims him to be an outdoor man.

To get a good colour, health of course is the first consideration, but the sportsman has generally plenty of that. What a man with a white face is lacking is blood; the quality of what he possesses is all right, but there is not quite enough of it.

To get blood eat plenty of food and take plenty of exercises in order to digest it and assimilate it; also be careful in the matter of your drinking, avoiding whisky for a time and sticking to malt liquors. As every doctor will tell you, stout is the thing to make blood, but you must be careful to see that you select the product of a reputable brewer. And of course, do not drink too much.

Combine this with open windows to your bedroom, plenty of exercise, and a cheery outlook on life, and your colour will soon be as high as you want it.

THIGHS AND KNEES.

Place the toe of the right foot on a chair, dividing the weight of the body between it and the left foot, which rests on the floor about eighteen inches in front of the bottom of the chair leg. Now, without moving the feet, throw the weight forward by bending at the hips. Your left heel will leave the floor as you do this, but the foot must step where it was.

A sound method for developing the legs.

You must bend forward till you have a tendency to overbalance and stumble against the chair back. To prevent you from falling forward, and to support the weight of your body, every muscle in the right thigh is brought into action. Keep the weight forward and the tension on the thigh muscles, till they begin to tire. Then stand on the right foot, place the left thigh [illegible] the chair, and exercise the left thigh in the same way.

The knees, as well as the thighs, are rapidly developed by this exercise, and it is particularly useful to the cyclist and long-distance walker.

EDUCATING THE MUSCLES.

It is an established fact that a mind [illegible] trained in any form of knowledge is more capable of tackling a fresh subject than is that of the untrained. For instance, a man who has learnt French thoroughly will pick up Italian [illegible] more easily than a man who is not a linguist at all. We might even go further, and say that the man who had mastered all the intricacies of French grammar would more quickly acquire a knowledge even of chemistry, than would a man who had not trained himself to study in any sort.

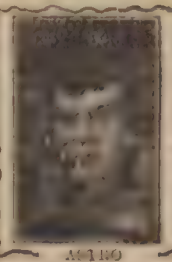
It is precisely the same with the muscles as with the mind.

The motor centre of the brain, which controls our various muscles and nerves, is capable of having its action stimulated and becoming more responsive to our will. That is why a man who is a good all-round sportsman, but who has never been on a horse, will learn to ride more quickly than a man who has never gone in for sport of any kind. The muscles of the latter are not under his control even though they may be more powerful than those of the other.

I think this muscular adaptability is a state of perfection well worth pains to get. If you are possessed of it is fit at very short notice to take up any form of muscular activity, be it strong, and necessarily graceful.

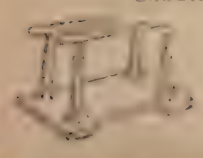
There is a danger in practising one form of physical culture to the exclusion of all others, for if you do that you cannot hope for that all-round development, not only of the size of the muscular tissue, but also of your control over it. That is why I print on this page so many different exercises. I want you to take up one, practise it conscientiously, then pitch it over in favour of another, coming back to it from time to time. By changing your exercises, and training yourself rapidly to become proficient in a new one, you make your muscles adaptable in the same way as does the all-round sportsman.

I am convinced, also, that the man whose muscular outfit is developed in this all-round manner, is in a fitter and healthier condition than he who sticks to one form of exercise, be it weight-lifting or anything else; and, after all, we want to have vigorous and abundant health as well as mere muscular strength.



SUCCESS OR FAILURE IN THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PROFESSION

depends absolutely on the training [illegible] Physical Culture" P.D. Pelmanism [illegible] failure in the [illegible] Write now to ASTRO [illegible] James Street, Coalville, Leicester.



Richard Selby: Englishman

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

By ADAM STERN.

VII. THE GREAT MEETING.

Morning in June! Above, [illegible] of infinity, unflecked [illegible] a single cloud. Eastward, [illegible] golden sun; westward, [illegible] grey shadows of night. Not [illegible] moment but the thin pure air [illegible] vered with the melody of [illegible] hedges and trees stood [illegible] shapes of vivid [illegible] the grass lining the roadside sparkled [illegible] the sun caught the dew; a mist hung [illegible] Earth like a tangible sigh. Morning in June!

Richard was leaning his arms on a gate, [illegible] gaze across a field, every sense saturated [illegible] the peace around. Somewhere overhead [illegible] lark trilled its interminable solo.

"Oh, Lord!" sighed Richard, inexpressibly. His whippet came bounding across the field and stood for a moment in front of him, poised on alert feet, his head cocked at an intelligent angle; then scampered off again, stretching his body in chase of imaginary rabbits.

It was Sunday and Richard was free. Not a human form was in sight, but he felt none of the void of solitude.

It was good to take one's part in the awakening day, not a spectator of Nature but a part of it, one with the animals and the birds.

Back tore Lightning, clearly asking why Richard would stop still when every vein tingled [illegible] Richard threw his cap at him, then vaulted [illegible] to save it from premature destruction. Lightning yelped triumphantly until Richard [illegible] him a reproving look, at which the dog [illegible] tucked his haunches penitently and darted his [illegible] as about to see if his indiscretion had startled [illegible] some keeper out of ambush.

"Come on, man," said Richard, taking the lead again. "You shall find what you want in the park."

Twenty minutes later both man and dog were [illegible] lying in supreme content.

[illegible] hedge toward the brook and screened [illegible] Richard lay outstretched, the back of his head resting on his hands, his eyes gazing entranced at the long sweep of park before him dotted [illegible] ancient trees.

[illegible] and again Lightning wriggled through [illegible] or came trotting along the ridge, [illegible] something brown and white hanging [illegible] his jaws.

[illegible] his boisterous mood and he was [illegible] his enjoyment seriously as became the [illegible] canine.

Richard's mind was serene as the smooth [illegible] grass. He knew that the approach of [illegible] stranger would be detected by the keen-[illegible] Lightning, and he surrendered to pleasant [illegible]

He thought that it would not be bad to own [illegible] like this for himself save for the draw-[illegible] that there would then be no zest in poach-[illegible] It would mean finding some other estate [illegible] he could keep his hand in.

After all, it was the risk that made things [illegible]

Of a sudden he sat up. Clear through the [illegible] came the staccato bark of his dog, followed [illegible] the deep speech of a larger animal, then a [illegible] succession of sharp replies from Light-

[illegible] sounds came from beyond him. He got [illegible] and peered through the hedge, [illegible] a sort whistle of surprise.

[illegible] level patch of sward a wolf-hound stood, watching with dignified aloofness the whippet charge and stop abruptly at a safe distance. Lightning had forgotten himself again.

The tail of the bigger animal swung leisurely and his tolerant pose appeared to excite Lightning to madness. He ventured nearer and nearer, crouched so that his chest brushed the grass, his head jerking with each bark. At last he leaped at the throat of the hound and hung there, growling.

Richard looked on amusedly, expecting to see the hound shake free and Lightning scamper away, affrighted at his temerity. But the larger dog stood there with hanging head, pawing awkwardly at the vicious little enemy worrying the fur of his throat.

"Phew!"

Richard whistled again. A girl came running up and without a moment's hesitation attempted to part the dogs. The outside interference awoke pride in the hound and he rolled over, affecting rage, a medley of barks and growls with an occasional yelp ensuing.

Richard sprang to sudden life.

Careless of the chance of hurt, the girl was stooping over them, tugging at her animal with one hand while the other made ineffectual attempts to hold Lightning's wriggling form.

Richard broke his way through the hedge, and the next thing the girl saw was a brown hand seize the whippet and fling him a dozen yards.

The hound glared up at the intruder and sprang. The brown hand caught his throat, and another cuffed his ears.

The girl spoke peremptorily to it, and as Richard released his grip the dog eyed the girl, half defiantly, half ashamed, while Lightning skulked away to the hedge, cowed.

Then, as if by mutual consent, these two, Richard and the girl, looked at one another.

Never afterwards was Richard able to remember what she was wearing, but it was something white, and the sun glinted on wavy brown hair.

Without taking his eyes from her, his left hand went up and dragged off his cap.

She was breathless, her lips were parted, a glow was on her cheeks, and as he gazed the fire of anger shone in her eyes.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

The voice was like nothing he had heard before; the syllables fell on the air clear as the notes of a silver bell; the tilt of her head was a thing to go miles to see.

"Answer me!" she said.

It was morning in June, but what a blind fool he had been to think that it was beautiful before.

Here, clad in slim whiteness, the sun glinting on her hair, a blaze of anger in her eyes, was all the glory of the morning.

The girl saw nothing but a roughly-dressed young man, dark-looking, the mouth wide and firm-lipped, the eyes gazing fixedly as at something wonderful.

Then—of all things!—he had the impertinence to smile.

But it broke with such delight and yet was so indefinably impersonal that she turned her eyes quickly from his in case she should smile too. She leaned down and gave her dog a little benedictory pat.

When she looked up again her expression was composed and critical.

"Will you be good enough to answer my question?" she said with chilling politeness.

Richard took a deep breath.

"Never in the whole of my life have I seen anything like you," he said very slowly.

The words seemed forced from him against his will, but when they were uttered he revealed no embarrassment, and the look in his eyes would not have offended a saint.

There was a long pause. Gradually the blood crept up from her neck and spread over her face. Then without another word she swung round on her heel and walked rapidly away.

Richard stood dumbfounded, but at last with sudden hotness he felt ridiculous.

Urged by an irresistible impulse he called out to her:

"Stop!"

She stopped! She turned round! It was plain to see she was debating what to do.

She came back a few steps and Richard went the remainder.

If anything the poise of her head was prouder than ever. By the Lord! here was a thoroughbred indeed.

"Yes?" she said, and the calm manner in which she looked at him tied his tongue.

"I was poaching," said Richard, answering the question at last.

Another pause.

Just then Lightning rubbed against his leg. Detecting an armistice, he had returned, but he still kept a discreet distance from the hound.

Richard looked down at him.

"And so was he," he added, and smiled again because he could not help it.

"I am not surprised," she said, and instantly Richard felt disreputable, conscious of low birth, but more conscious of the contrast between himself and that slim daintiness.

With it all he felt glad that she was not afraid of him.

"I hope he didn't hurt your dog," he said, because he could think of nothing else.

The contemptuous glance from the whippet to the wolf-hound was delicious. Lightning answered the look by taking four airy steps forward and cocking his head upwards with obvious appreciation.

Quite involuntarily she leaned down and patted him. Lightning quivered, sprang up and down several times and then buried his enmity with the hound.

"He might have got killed," said the girl severely.

"Were you frightened about him, then?" inquired Richard warmly.

She smiled at the ingenuous query.

"I was afraid for you," he added, encouraged by the smile. "I thought you would get hurt."

Her freezing look made him doubt whether the smile had been real after all, and at the same time convinced that he had said something else idiotic.

"I think you're the rudest man I've ever met," she said deliberately. "Unless you want to get locked up you had better go."

But she waited to see what he would say.

"I often come," he said. Something within him insisted that he should tell her about himself and instinctively he chose to tell her the worst. "Two or three nights a week and nearly every Sunday. The other night I had a fight with one of your gamekeepers and the Bagley cop—policeman."

"Two of them?"

"Yes; but it was dark," he explained with a trace of apology for them. "Then I——"

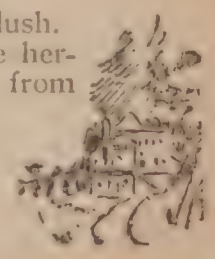
"Do you think I'm interested to know all this?" she interrupted.

"No. But I want to tell you," he said, and suddenly she felt that this man was masterful.

"I'm a working man, a chain-maker in Moulden," he went on, his eyes never leaving her face. "Everything there is black and crushed, and so are the men." An undertone of earnestness crept into his voice. "They can't help it. It's the way they live. If they could see all this!"—He swept a glance around him—"If they cared for it as——"

He stopped and now it was his turn to flush.

"As you do," she said, interested despite herself. "And so you came out to it, away from the surroundings you hate?"



"When I can find the chance," he said uncomfortably.

"And amuse yourself by robbing people of their game," she said, contempt in her voice.

"It isn't robbing," he asserted forcibly.

"It is!" she said with emphasis and conviction.

"It isn't!" he contradicted angrily, but without an atom of disrespect. "The game no more belongs to you than it does to me."

"Indeed!"

A microscopic smile played about the corners of her mouth, and Richard became angrier with himself just for getting angry.

"Hadn't you better go?" she asked tolerantly.

"I suppose so," he answered, not moving.

"You know you haven't apologised, don't you?" she said, faintly sarcastic, and then stopped him as he was about to speak. "No; it's too late."

"I was only going to say," observed Richard, "that I'm very glad that I did come here."

After he had said it he felt more reckless than he had ever felt in his life.

"Then you will have to promise me you will never come here again," she said, and from the inflection of her voice it was evident she was used to having pretty much her own ways.

Richard looked at her absorbedly.

"I won't," he said stubbornly.

"Yes," she said.

"No," he repeated quietly, and in the war of glances he experienced a thrill of delight.

A film of distress came over her eyes, and in one overwhelming second he felt a brute.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he said with all his heart. "I——"

She cut him short, woman-like, using his repentance as a whip.

"That makes it worse," she said with infinite pride. "You can't be as sorry as I am."

And with that and an unmistakable air of finality she called her dog and went away.

Richard stood watching.

An impulse to say "Good morning" came to him, but he restrained it. Her skirt was swaying as she walked, and the conviction went over him that nowhere in the world did a girl move quite like that girl. Lightning stood irresolute, his whole pose a reproach.

The girl reached a path leading to the left under some trees.

Still Richard watched. He was hoping with all his heart that she would turn.

She kept on, the hound stalking majestically at her side.

Once she slowed and put up a hand to tidy her hair. Richard's every pulse leaped.

Another minute and her white form was hidden by trees. It reappeared at intervals; then she had gone.

He turned about.

"Good Lord!" he sighed.

Lightning stabbed the air with a bark. Richard gazed at him, his thoughts still strangely uncontrolled, and saw that he had something white in his mouth.

"Drop that!" said Richard in such a tone that the dog sprang away in alarm.

It was a handkerchief. There was lace on it, and it was white and dainty, just like her.

He held it up and looked at it for a long time.

He wondered at its beauty and its thinness, and, feeling that he was almost committing sacrilege, he folded it up.

Then, with a start, he thrust it into his pocket and set off at top speed with an unaccountable access of anxiety to put miles between himself and this place.

He was almost afraid, for he had discovered a new emotion.

Some time later when they were on the high road he spoke down solemnly to his dog and said:

"She liked you, any way, didn't she? And—Gad!—wasn't she wonderful!"

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—Ed.]

EXPRESSION.

Men have their vain points as well as women. A girl spends half-an-hour at a looking-glass rubbing stuff into her face, and generally spreading those nets with which she will generally catch one or another of us. A man does not bother about his face, apart from shaving it and washing it, but even here he has, in many cases, his own little bit of vanity. He does not bother about the skin, but he worries a lot about the expression.

You see this amongst men of different classes. A new recruit struggles hard to cultivate a military grimness and eventually succeeds; the horsey man copies, consciously or unconsciously, the expressions of those with whom he comes in contact; his mouth becomes hard while his eyes assume the expression of extreme innocence which one invariably finds in men who make their living or take their pleasure amongst horses.

It would be erroneous to suppose that this apparent guilelessness is deep-seated; the horsey man is knowing, and, perhaps because he is well aware of the fact, he conceals it by means of his expression.

The 'Varsity undergrad is wont in his younger days to wear on his face just a cast of superciliousness.

Amongst these classes, however, and amongst all others, we find men who rise even in the matter of facial expression out of the rut. Their individuality is more marked than the expression, which is either cultivated or which comes unconsciously from their occupation. In their faces we find first and foremost the wonderful element of strength. A man may have a strong face without being athletic, and it is impossible to say in what lies the strength of expression, although we recognise it well enough when we see it. It appears to be a mixture of courage, commonsense and kindness. If you are thinking of cultivating an expression have a go at this one.

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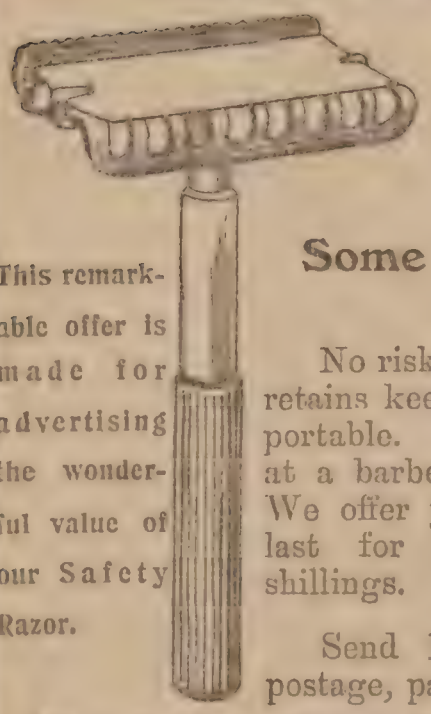

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In the diagram fig. 1. Arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the remaining squares so that the columns add 15 up and down and from corner to corner. If you comply with the simple conditions we will send you, A HANDSOME WATCH (guaranteed 10 years) will be sent you ENTIRELY FREE OF COST. Send your answer NOW, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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CYNICS.

I hate cynicism a great deal worse than I do the devil; unless perhaps, the two are the same thing?—Stevenson.

A certain gentle cynicism in a middle-aged man is not altogether displeasing.

Indeed, a man can scarcely reach the meridian with all his youthful illusions still unshattered, unless he has passed his days under a glass case, or is more than a bit of a fool.

The average man, however, by the time he reaches the age when slippered ease begins to appeal to him, must almost inevitably be something of a cynic. He knows the weaknesses of man nature, he knows his own foibles, he has learned, probably to his cost, that appearances are often deceptive.

His cynicism, however, is rather worldly knowledge than misanthropy.

The middle-aged cynic of this type may be a good chap. He has lost most if not all his early illusions, but hope springs eternal in the human breast.

He is cynical but sympathetic. He says to the youngster who is bent on making an ass of himself: "You are going to make a fool of yourself, but I know you won't listen to good advice, and as I may as well help you to do the job—tells him that opposition as a rule serves to confirm a fool in his folly, and that nothing is better calculated to open the youngster's eyes than complacence in time.

Probably, in his secret heart he rather admires the youngster's bravado, though under a delusion as to the inevitable consequences, and wishes to heaven he were young Quixote again.

That is one type of grown cynic, a not unpleasing type, but there is another—the real cynic, the soured misanthrope and misogynist.

He knows human nature, but only to scorn it. He denies that there is anything good in mankind, he assumes the worst of everybody.

Novelists are very fond of this type of cynic, of course, as writers—and make him. To me, he is simply a coward. He has been hit, badly hit once, by woman or life, and that has taken all the fight out of him. He will not risk another wound, and, like a cur, he retires to the edge of the arena and snarl and sneer at better men than he is himself.

Then there is the "Sydney Carton" type of cynic; the man who takes a sort of curious pride in his own weaknesses and unworthiness, and professes to decry those qualities which in his heart of hearts he most admires.

In the end, of course, he shakes off his cynicism and shows that unselfishness at which he used to gibe.

For a really detestable cynic commend me to the youthful variety. He is often practically indistinguishable from a prig, and a young prig is the most God-forsaken of apologies for men.

Cynicism is so cheap—and nasty. As a matter of fact it is not the outcome of experience, but is rather the affectation of a knowledge that he does not possess. "Fly-flat" describes him to a T; he thinks he is clever, whereas in reality he is a gull.

Sharpers love to get hold of the youthful cynic; he is so convinced that none could get the better of *him* that they do not even trouble to drug him an opiate before plucking him.

He has yet to realise what experience he does get. His friends are worthless, and he assumes that all men are worthless, and goes through life never knowing the love of a good woman.

Your sensible man knows that to be made a fool of by a woman is a necessary part of every man's education, and the sooner it is over the better. Then you are "salted," and—but, good Lord! I believe I am growing cynical myself.

Oliver Stokes.

WHICH IS THE BEST FOR YOU?

Of course it all depends on what you want the dog to do, but I should say that the best all-round sporting dog is a lurcher.

This animal, of more than doubtful breed, possesses the intelligence common to all mongrels, and if you take some trouble in the dog's training, you are not likely to be disappointed.

I have in mind a certain lurcher which was capable of catching a rabbit with almost dead certainty, which could even snap a hare provided the latter did not have too much of a start, which was death upon rats, and which was more than usually capable in the matter of retrieving game.

This lurcher was a bitch. Within my experience, and it has been pretty extensive in doggy matters, bitches always show more intelligence than dogs. This particular lurcher was a cross between a smooth-haired collie and a setter, but from the build of her I am confident that in one of her parents there must have been more than a dash of the greyhound. She was, in her way, a sporting gem.

If you are one of those sportsmen for whom I have a very warm corner in my heart, but whose existence as a gamekeeper it is my duty to resent, if it is your pleasure to take your dog out of a Saturday evening or on a Sunday morning to pick up what may be going in the way of sport, then I should say that a lurcher is the very dog you want.

In the greyhound you find still greater speed, but—I regret to say it, for I admire this breed—you also discover something lacking in the dog's intelligence. A greyhound is a very fine dog for a man to possess if he is a lord of the manor with no one to say him nay, but it is not the dog of the man who takes a little bit of sport on the sly, for the greyhound has a nasty trick of giving tongue when you do not want him to do so.

I once knew a poacher who worked with a greyhound, but he did not do it for long. The intelligent poaching dog will sneak away at the very smell of a keeper, and vanish so silently that his presence is never even suspected; the greyhound on the other hand gives away himself and his master.

The favourite dog to-day with the man who goes in for legitimate shooting is unquestionably a setter; it used to be a pointer, but experience shows that the setter's feet are better adapted to a hard day on moor or in covert, and his coat is admirably designed for complete protection in passing through undergrowth. Nevertheless the pointer is not to be despised, nor yet the spaniel or retriever. All have their good points but with a well-trained setter you have most of the virtues of the lot rolled into one.

G. S. Pardy.

SMITH ON DOGS.

"Hello!" said Smith, "that's a funny looking dog you've got!" "Yes," replied Brown, "I am afraid he suffers from worms a great deal. He has a ravenous appetite, but he never looks any better." "Ah!" replied Smith, "that is because you don't feed him properly. My dog used to be just the same until I tried Molassine Dog Cakes. Since I've fed him on these he will not eat any others. They soon got to the root of his troubles. They ridded him of worms from which he was suffering and made him a healthy dog again. You try them for your dog, and you will find that they are everything that you could wish for as a dog food. You can get them from the Molassine Company, Limited, 1, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E."—Advt.

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Oh, but the wind is merciless!
—Procter.

For fully a century we have practised with balloons, but have got no forrarder. Progress in this direction is impossible, and experiments are a waste of time. I offer no criticism of the aeroplane, for that works on an entirely different principle, but to launch a bag of gas in the air and let it drift at the mercy of the wind is a method of progress not a whit more scientific than that of dragging a trolley to the top of a hill and tobogganing down upon it.

At the present moment ballooning may be considered the society pastime; sport it is not. Its popularity amongst the effete and pampered seekers after a new sensation is due to several causes. In the first place all that the passenger in a balloon requires to do is to sit still; physical exertion there is none. He or she knows very well that Death hangs at the valve rope, but the heroism needed to face a danger of this type is something akin to that required by the eater of shell-fish and water-cress; the danger is admitted, but it does not obtrude itself.

Most important of all, however, is the fact that the person who makes ascents can pose in the drawing-room as the possessor of initiative and dash; moreover, the amusement is a comparatively cheap one, for firms are now contracting to supply a balloon, and make all necessary repairs, at a cost of £2 a head for each of the four passengers.

The King has had a horror of ballooning ever since he witnessed the beginning of that terrible tragedy last May, when Lieutenants Leake and Caulfield ascended in his presence at Farnborough, never to return.

DRIFTING TO THEIR DOOM.

Their adventures may be taken as typical of the ballooning disaster. Beginning to fear that they were too near the sea, they threw out their grapnel, which caught in a fence and was torn off the rope, thus leaving the balloon without this safeguard. When passing over the village of Winterbourne Abbas, they shouted to some villagers to catch the dragging rope, but they, supposing the balloonists were jesting, made no attempt to do so. Apparently the rope attached to the gas valve had broken or gone wrong, for a farmer observed one of the officers climbing up in the rigging of the balloon.

Whether he would ever have succeeded in opening the valve will never be discovered, for suddenly they topped a ridge of hills and passed over the cliffs to the sea, where the empty balloon was discovered some time afterwards. The day was misty, and it is supposed that the officers lost their bearings owing to the banks of fog, for they shouted to more than one rustic inquiries as to their whereabouts.

ILL-FATED MILITARY BALLOONS.

Our military balloon experiments have in many cases been disastrous. Colonel Templar, superintendent of the balloon factory at Aldershot, had a thrilling adventure in his younger days. Along with Mr. Gardner and Mr. Powell, M.P., he made an ascent from Bath, but almost immediately the balloon was caught by adverse currents, and as it was being rapidly borne out to sea they decided to descend at Bridport. Close on the coast the car bumped against the ground, and Colonel Templar gave the word for all three men to jump off together. He and Mr. Gardner did so, but Mr. Powell was too late.

Relieved of the weight of two of its passengers, the balloon bounded up and disappeared in the mist that hid the sea. Neither it nor the body of Mr. Powell was ever recovered.

It was only a few days after the King witnessed the ascent of the unfortunate lieutenants, that the King and Queen of Italy saw the beginning and end of another terrible balloon tragedy. At the review of troops the most sensational item was to be exercises with military balloons, and to these the royal party had been looking forward with keen zest.

The day, however, was heavy and thunder-clouds gathered, and it was suggested that the ascents should be postponed. Captain Ulivelli, in spite of the danger, volunteered to make an ascent, and the spectators watched his balloon drift away towards a distant range of hills.

It was still well in sight when a flash of lightning struck it, and immediately a great sheet of flame flared up from the balloon, and the aeronaut and his car came crashing to the earth. Both the King and the Queen were overcome with the horror of the spectacle, but the former, mastering his emotions, sat for half-an-hour by the bedside of the dying aeronaut in the hospital to which he had been carried.

Perhaps the most ghastly of all the military balloon tragedies was that which took place recently in Ohio, when a professional aeronaut named Baldwin was making experiments on behalf of the American army with 1 lb. sticks of dynamite, which he dropped to the ground from the sky. On this particular occasion he took with him 8 lbs. of the explosive, and it is supposed that he mistimed the fuse.

WHILE WOMEN WATCHED.

Anyhow the balloon was suddenly hidden from view in a dense cloud of smoke, and a moment afterwards a terrific roar reached the spectators. Pieces of silk and flesh were found over an area of ten acres, and the horror of it was doubled by the fact that his wife was in the crowd watching.

The performing balloonist is now less frequently met with, owing to the growth of public opinion, but there are still performers who gain their livelihood in this desperate manner.

In June of the past year two young women parachutists made an ascent in Staffordshire, intending to descend simultaneously. On reaching a height of 1,000 feet one of the girls discovered that her parachute was entangled in the cording of the balloon, and as she was powerless to release it, she made a flying leap through the air to the parachute of her companion, and the two women came down to earth on the one parachute, and, the descent being consequently rapid, one of them was seriously injured on reaching the ground.

FAILURE OF NEW SHAPES.

The cigar-shaped balloon, whether supplied with propellers or not, is liable to additional dangers as illustrated in the collapse of the airship Ariel in San Francisco, a short time ago. The sphere is, of course, the strongest form of envelope, and any departure from that shape spells trouble. In the case of the cigar balloons a cloud passing in front of the sun, cooling one part of the bag and allowing the gas in the rest to expand, is sufficient to make the balloon break its back and collapse.

A German statistician has worked out the percentage of accidents, and finds by careful consultation of records that one aeronaut in every 210 meets with an accident. The percentage is too high, and after all what is the use of the risk?

S. German Tilley.

A LAST REMINDER.

Don't forget to have a glance at the bargains advertised by your fellow readers on page three of the cover.

Next week advertise something yourself. It will pay you.

BLUE BLOOD IN EVERYBODY.

"I am safe in saying," remarked a scientist, "that there is not a single man in these islands who has not some blue blood in his veins.

"Every one of us has had many thousands of ancestors, even if we consider our family tree only as far back as the time of the Norman Conquest; and it is scarcely possible that there was not one noble or king amongst them.

"That is why we find such refinement of feature even in the poorest quarters. Heredity is an extraordinary thing and there is no accounting for the manner in which it skips one generation and crops up in the next.

"But none the less it gives us, even in our humblest ranks, examples of that dignified and well-made figure which have been handed down to us by the fighting men who were our first aristocrats, and whose blood flows in our veins."

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GREENHOUSES FOR ALL

SOME PRACTICAL HELP FOR THE AMATEUR.

Simply because the wealthy man possesses a gigantic range of glass, employs many gardeners and pays a large coal bill, the man who owns a modest greenhouse is prone to think that this form of floriculture is outside his province. It would be just as sensible to argue that no man should keep a horse because the winner of the Derby fetches some £20,000.

Heat is the great stumbling-block and the foundation for many misconceptions. Provided you can maintain a temperature of 40° or over throughout the year, your greenhouse may become a place of limitless beauty.

HEATING.

There is no need for the installation of an elaborate system of hot water pipes—in fact, this means of heating is apt to disappoint the amateur. Looking after the greenhouse being his hobby and not his work, he will some evening forget to stoke the fires; then his plants, accustomed to a high temperature, will be irretrievably damaged by the cold.

In the case of the greenhouse which is only heated on the coldest nights, there is no such danger, for the plants become half-hardy.

The simplest form of occasional heater is a drain pipe placed over a lighted paraffin lamp. Choose a pipe which has a branch near the top to allow the used air to escape, and on the top of the pipe itself place a pan of water, the vapour of which will counteract the dryness of the air from the lamp.

An even more effective heating apparatus can be made if you will take the trouble to fix a tin biscuit box, bottom upwards, about a foot above the floor of your greenhouse. At one of the corners of the box bore a small hole, and through this insert a piece of gaspipe, plugging up all the crevices with putty, bore another hole through the side of your greenhouse and let the other end of the pipe project through this. When you stand the lamp underneath the inverted box, all the fumes will be carried to the outer air instead of mixing with the atmosphere inside the greenhouse, but the air will be warmed just the same.

CHOOSING YOUR STOCK.

With such an apparatus you can easily maintain a temperature of 50° or 60°, and that at a very small cost. The contrivance should preferably be hidden away beneath some staging, for it is not very sightly.

The stocking of a small greenhouse must be a matter of great care and study, for it is to be borne in mind that you have no subsidiary house from which to fill your show one. You must therefore endeavour to select those plants which will assure you of a certain amount of bloom throughout the year.

Passion flowers and ivy geraniums are extremely easy to grow and may be trained upon the walls and along the roof in a most graceful manner.

Camellias are best grown in tubs or in an open border. When covered with their white or pink waxen flowers, the bushes are extremely beautiful, and, even when the bloom is past, the foliage presents an attractive shade of dark green which is good to look upon.

Azaleas may with a little trouble be schemed out so that they will follow one another. The various types of greenhouse heath, cinerarias, calceolarias, geraniums and fuchsias are both hardy and pretty; nor must we forget those ferns which are suitable for greenhouse culture. Maidenhair and asparagus ferns are useful both in the greenhouse and for cut bouquets.

HARDY ORCHIDS.

Foliage plants are extremely decorative and by no means hard to grow; the various grasses and begonias will naturally suggest themselves.

Orchids may readily be grown in the suburban greenhouse. The Odontoglossum Crispum is the hardiest type of all. You can obtain one of these orchids for 1s. 6d. or 2s. The bulbs you buy have not yet flowered in this country, so there is no knowing whether or not they may be one of those natural hybrids which are worth a big price.

This particular type of orchid will even stand several degrees of frost, which knocks on the head the belief that orchid-growing is for the rich only. Your orchids will be perfectly happy, provided you give them plenty of fresh air, plenty of moisture, and a little heat.

The arrangement of the greenhouse has much to do with the general effect. The ideal is that the greenhouse, however small, should be so arranged as to resemble in miniature a winter garden.

There should be a comfortable seat somewhere in it, and the staging should be so arranged as to be concealed by the plants.

The greenhouse ought to be a peaceful and inviting retreat where one may comfortably sit and read and smoke. Smoke, by the way, will do the plants no injury, but on the contrary will kill the insects that infest them.

WM. PLAYER.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

For Brain and Nerves.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, *properly* administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

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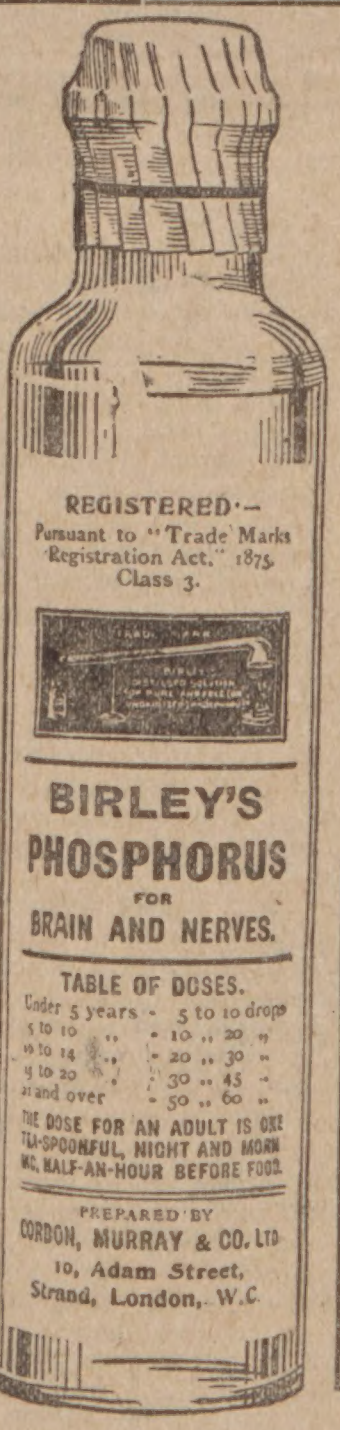
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The Outer Man.

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

CYCLE CAPES.

There are two kinds of cycle cape offered to the devotee of the wheel. One he has to slip over his head, for it has no opening except a circle at the collar; the other he can put on as he likes, for it buttons down the front.

As a bit of a cyclist myself, my experience may be interesting in this matter of sporting toggery, for I have tried both kinds.

You do look a bit absurd when you stop in the middle of the road and start putting a cycle cape over your head. It reminds one of the old days of nightgowns, so dear to our fathers before pyjamas were as popular as they are now. But in spite of the trouble entailed in getting it on, I plump for the cape without any opening in front.

Wearing such a cape in a downpour, you can stretch the front of it over your handlebars, and though the water collects upon it, it does not discharge itself upon your knees. With a cape of the buttoning variety on the other hand, the rain blows in till your legs are wet.

If you are buying a cycle cape for the coming season, I should strongly advise you to get one without any opening in front.

BROGUES.

A variation of the ordinary boot of which I am particularly fond is the brogue.

The stamped and serrated edges of the leather toecaps and uppers always seem to me to add to the attractiveness of the boot or shoe—for brogue boots are now almost as common as shoes.

The cost is no greater than that of the ordinary shoe, while the extra thickness of leather adds enormously to the wear.

Brogues require much more careful cleaning, however, than the ordinary smooth shoe, for the indentations are very apt to catch the dirt and polish. A stiff brush, therefore, is necessary to the proper cleaning of the brogue. It must not merely be polished with a soft cloth.

The real Irish brogue—the shoe, not the accent—is often sold with a sort of flounce attached to the tongue, consisting of strips of leather.

This looks all right on its native heath or in the wilds of the country, but if you intend to wear the brogue in more civilised places, you will do well to get your shoemaker to cut off the leather fringe which falls over the front.

THE VEST OPENING.

There has been a tendency during the past year considerably to increase the opening at the top of the vest, but I am glad to say that a reaction has now set in, and that the openings are becoming once more small.

I say I am glad, because I consider that a high-cut vest makes a man's chest seem rather better developed than it does when clothed with a vest that has a large opening.

To the sportsman a high-cut vest is almost a matter of necessity, he likes to wear soft collars and hunting stocks, and with neither of these articles does a low-cut vest look well.

In fact, in the case of stocks, a low-cut vest will give one endless trouble because the bottom of the tie will keep on working its way out.

If you intend to wear a low-cut waistcoat at all, you must needs be very careful about your tie. It must be of the best, and its expanse relieved with a pin.

FANCY BOOTS.

The wearing of boots with fancy tops is a matter of taste. In the view of many they appear feminine, but there is no doubt that they add that little touch of brightness to the masculine costume which is so badly needed.

Of one thing, however, we may be certain, and that is that fancy boots are quite unsuitable with clothes of rough texture. For a man to wear boots with the lower part made of patent leather, and the tops of a delicate shade of buckskin, along with a rough tweed suit, is as incongruous as the disporting of a diamond ring upon a dirty hand.

There is nothing the matter with a dirty hand, provided the dirt is the result of work or sport, and provided there has not been time for its owner to go through a cleansing process; there is also nothing to be said against a rough tweed suit—on the contrary, they are becoming to most men. But they must not be combined with the fancy boots.

These should be worn only with suits of the fancy sort. With a frock coat or morning coat they look very well, and they are by no means out of place with a suit of navy blue or fine grey. It is a question of taste, but I do not think that my verdict will be disputed by anyone who has given the matter his consideration.

STRIPES ON DRESS TROUSERS.

I have been asked by a reader whether a stripe of braid down the seam of evening dress trousers is still correct.

The fashion, which to my mind is a particularly pleasing one, shows no signs of dying out.

The stripe, however, should be of silk braid, and not of the ordinary kind, and it should be a single one. The double stripe which was often worn a few years ago is twice as expensive to put on and really gives no additional smartness.

Like so many of our modern fashions, this is really only a return to that of fifty years ago and more.

When in 1860 the Volunteer Force was in its infancy, and uniforms were for the first time being designed for it, the braid stripe on the trousers was the fashion for morning wear also.

The civilian soon afterwards discarded the fashion, but for the Army and auxiliary forces it remained, partly because dress regulations did not change as frequently in those days as they do now, and partly because of the undeniable smartness which the stripe gives to an otherwise hideous garment.

Now, since the predilections of "the military" have undoubtedly a great influence on modern fashion, it has once more returned to favour for evening dress, and I have no doubt that it has come to stay—at least until the return of knee-breeches, which according to many, is not far distant.

WATCH WRISTLETS.

There is a fashion at present much in vogue amongst young sportsmen, namely that of wearing a small watch on the wrist instead of a big one in the pocket. The wristlet watch has many claims to consideration, for like the poor, it is always with you, even when you strip and get into sporting togs. On the running track, for example, you will find such a watch extremely handy, for the designers of running shorts have not provided a watch pocket.

It is also most useful to the man who does much riding or cycling, as he has the time of day always in front of him, and does not require to search in his pocket every time, to see how the enemy is flying.

In buying a wristlet watch you should give attention to the position occupied by 12 o'clock. If you are to use it simply for ordinary purposes it is better for the 12 to come at the left side of the left wrist; if, on the other hand, you are using the watch for riding, it is advisable that the 12 should come next the hand, for as you hold the reins, the dial will then be in a position for reading.

You can get an extremely neat silver wristlet watch at a good jeweller's for about 25s., and the next time you are standing yourself a treat you might do worse than invest in one. You can, however, have all the advantages of possessing a wristlet watch without going to much expense. A lady's gun metal watch put into an ordinary leather wristlet costing about 1s. will meet the purpose.

Look out for one thing, however. The wristlet watch is meant for the sportsman and is not thrown out of gear by the jolting which he is going to subject it to. The ordinary watch, on the other hand, is not intended to be waggled about as you are going to waggle it on your wrist, and therefore it is apt to stop when you least want it to. In buying an ordinary watch for wristlet purposes you should tell the shopman what you want it for, so that he may give you a watch that will be suitable.

FIXING SOFT COLLARS.

It is doubtful whether any article of masculine apparel reflects more credit upon its inventor than does the soft collar. It is grateful and comforting, and cheap, for though it costs the same as the linen collar, it can be washed at home.

The general difficulty in connection with a soft collar is the proper fixing of it. Are you to fix the safety pin underneath your tie or above it? That is generally the problem which faces the wearer of the soft collar.

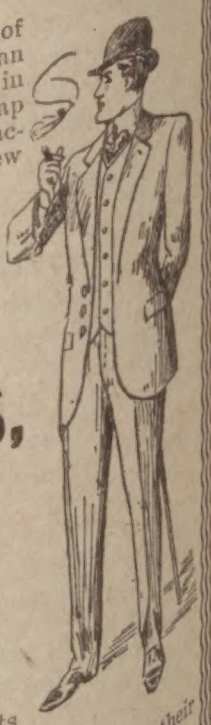
I can give him a little tip which is worth his best attention. Don't wear the pin either above or below the tie, but have the pin part pushed through the knot of the tie and the guard part of it showing above it.

I hope my meaning is clear. The effect is exactly the same as if you were wearing the pin above the tie, but part of the pin being through the knot, the general security is greater, and you do not have the discomfort of your collar riding about upon the tie.

A neat variant from the ordinary safety is a single gold pin with a little knob on each end. The one covering the point can be removed and snapped on again.

It is not a bad plan to put a stiffener inside your soft collar. A piece of thin cardboard will answer the purpose, or better still, a piece cut out of an old and discarded stiff linen collar.

Distinctive Tailoring



not only stamps the man of culture and taste, but is an indispensable asset to success in life. A cheap suit looks cheap from the start and becomes practically unwearable after a few months' use—it also denotes a 'cheap' man. Nothing creates a more favourable impression than smartly-cut and well-fitting clothes; and the attention given in this respect

BY

J. & H. ELLIS,

Of 201, Strand, London,

And 20, Farringdon St., E.C.,

TO THEIR

Harris Tweed Suits, from 45/-

Dress Suits, from 70/-

AND

"Aquasoko" Overcoats, from 42/-

proves them to be specialists in their line of business. It is because they know the secret of making men's clothes that they offer their services with every confidence, and feel it

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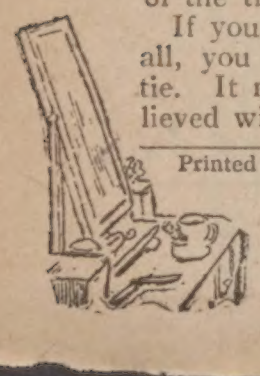

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Thanet House, Strand, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Harris Tweed Beautiful Brown Suit.—Fit 5 ft. 6 ins. to 5 ft. 8 ins.; chest 36 ins.; cost 90s.; worn four times; owner in black; price 25s.—Box 184, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Boots.—One pair brown, size 6, narrow toes, medium; also one pair black glacé kid with patent toe-caps, size 6. Both pairs in good condition; too small for owner; accept 12s. the lot.—Box 138, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Norfolk Jacket and Knickers.—Good condition; sell cheap.—Box 141, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pair Brown Leggings with straps; practically new; any reasonable offer, or entertain exchange.—Box 142, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Light Cashmere Trousers, unworn; also pair Cycling Knickers; both suit man 5 ft. 7 ins., 36 ins. chest; 10s.—Box 147, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Indigo Serge Suit; double breasted, also white waistcoat. What offers? — Box 148, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Mackintosh.—Good make, dark; sell 12s., or exchange. —Box 149, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Evening Dress Suit, and six high-class all linen Shirts; £2 2s.—Box 150, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Dress Suit.—Scarcely worn; condition perfect; chest, 36 ins.; height, 5 ft. 8 ins.; waist, 34 ins.; take 20s.—Box 93, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

SPORTING APPLIANCES.

For Sale.—.380 Deer Rifle, .22 Colt's Repeater; or exchange (B.S.A.) Air Rifle.—Bennett, St. Michael's, Ashford, Kent.

Army Field Glasses. — Powerful 12-lens Unsoiled Binoculars, made by Dollond, London, with brown-leather case; all complete, £1 15s.; worth double. —Bourner, 1, St. James's Road, Bexhill.

Two first-class Cricket Bats for sale; double cane-spliced, with green baize covers; cost guinea each, sell 10s. each.—Box 146, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Prismatic Binocular Field Glasses, with leather case, 25s.; approval.—Box 160, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Mahogany Punt for sale.—Strong and serviceable; complete with cushions, boat-hook, poles, etc.; £10. —Box 161, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pair Leather Boxing Gloves and Grip Dumb-bells, 10s.—Box 162, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pair Ball-bearing Roller Skates for sale; perfect; 7s. 6d.—Box 163, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Whiteley's Exerciser for sale; cheap.—Box 166, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Indian Clubs and Spring Board; also several pairs of iron Dumb-bells.—Offers to Box 167, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

To Golfers.—Home Trainer for sale, cheap; hardly used.—Particulars from Box 168, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good Army Bell Tent, suitable for camping up river. Must be cheap and serviceable.—Box 164, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Winchester Repeating Rifle, take ball cartridges; in good condition.—Box 165, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Webley-Scott's Repeating Pistol. — Government proved; perfectly new; with pigskin case; 57s. 6d., or nearest offer.—Box 175, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

DOGS AND HORSES.

Well-bred Black-and-tan Terrier.—Excellent house dog, well-mannered; age 4 years; will exchange for bull pup.—Box 144, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Smart Brown Cob.—14 hands; splendid little worker; thoroughly quiet, both in and out of harness; can be seen by appointment; price 12 gs.—Box 151, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Shetland Pony for sale.—10 hands; 8 years old; very quiet and pretty.—Box 152, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pedigree Field Spaniel.—Thoroughly broken; over distemper, very keen; 10 months old.—Offers to Box 158, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Skye Terrier for sale.—Well trained; thorough-bred; 9 months; 40s.—Box 159, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Thoroughbred Retriever.—Splendid swimmer; good pedigree; very obedient; price £2; with large kennel, collar, chain and whip.—Box, 121, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

HOBBIES.

Collection of over 1,000 English and Colonial Stamps in Stanley Gibbon's Imperial Album; price £3 10s.; on approval.—Gill Monk, 13, St. Lawrence Road, Plymouth.

Rudge-Whitworth Ariel. — Free wheel; inverted lever brakes; 3-speed gear; roadster pattern; sell £6.—Box 169, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Minerva Motor Cycle.—3½ h.p.; splendid running; trial arranged willingly; price £15. — Box 170, "The Modern Man," 231 Strand, London.

Houghton's Ariel de Luxe Folding Hand Camera.—Takes plates or film pack; every possible improvement; new condition.—Full details and price from Box 171, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Snapshot Camera.—Takes 12 plates (3½ by 2½); good achromatic lens; two view finders; 15s.—Box 181, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Complete Cricket Set for club, including pads, gloves, and four good bats; must be in thoroughly good condition and by good maker—Ayres or Spalding preferred.—All details to Box 183, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good full-sized Croquet Set.—Lowest price to Box 176, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Private Ground for new Tennis Club being formed in North-West London; also Cricket Pitch for same locality.—Fullest particulars to Box 177, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

BOOKS.

Harmsworth Encyclopædia, Unbound; 10s. 6d. Harmsworth Self-Educator, unbound; 13s. — Watcyn Jones, Rees Terrace, Treforest, Pontypridd.

Beautifully calf-bound, gilt-edge Volume on Piscatorial Life.—Illustrated with finely-coloured engravings; in perfect condition; cost 5 guineas; sell £2 cash. Box 155, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

What offers for 10 varying-sized Vols. on Sports and Pastimes; all in good condition?—Box 156, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted —Good Standard Works on Literature and Journalism.—Box 157, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Medical Student has two dozen good Standard Text Books to dispose of, including some of the best known treatises on Physics, Surgery, Anatomy, and Biology.—Write for list and prices to Box 129, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Encyclopædia Britannica; latest edition; 36 volumes, complete with oak revolving bookcase; publisher's condition; cost £40; accept £20 or nearest cash offer.—Box 174, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

"DIGS."

London, N.—Comfortably Furnished Bedroom, with use of Sitting-room; convenient for City and West-End; moderate terms; board optional.—Write for full particulars to Box 136, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Bournemouth. — Apartments or Board-Residence; near sea and station; write for terms.—Mrs. Dawkins, "Comragh," York Road, Bournemouth.

Wanted.—Good Farmhouse on healthy part of Norfolk Broads, for two gentlemen; good cooking, and not too far from railway station.—Box 182, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Advertiser (Londoner) would like to hear of "Modern Man" reader in Edinburgh willing to exchange "Digs." for week or fortnight in June or July.—Box 180, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

TRADE.

Wake up—and send 1s. for a Trade Secret that will enable you to start a permanent local and mail order business, paying from £3 to £5 weekly.—Box 139, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

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Neuralgia—Eczema.—Many cured in last 10 years; Recipes 1s. each (or the pair 1s. 9d.) post free.—Box 137, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Every Modern Man should possess a Fountain Pen.—May be obtained in fine, medium, or broad nibs; 14 ct. gold, iridium pointed; price 3s. 6d. post paid. Special terms for quantities. — Box 145, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Sufferers from Flatulence and Constipation.—Send postal order for 1s. 1d. for infallible recipe; a really excellent cure.—Box 173, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

100 Old Wood-Cut Prints, illustrating various trades; suitable for ideas for posters, showcards, booklet covers; full and exclusive rights for sale.—Box 140, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Dulcephone Disc Machine.—Ebonised cabinet, 18 in. by 18 in.; brass sound-wave horn, 27 in. by 22 in.; turn-table, 12 in.; 55s. worth up-to-date records; lot cost £10; sell £7; perfect condition.—W. Wiltshire, Hillside, Pentre, Glam.

Zither Banjo.—Nearly new; excellent tone; complete with case; will exchange for gramophone.—Box 153, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Baby Piano.—5 octaves; two years' old; suitable for small houseboat or yacht.—Full particulars from Box 154, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Violoncello, Bow; New Waterproof Bag; Piatti Full Tutor; bargain, £5 5s. cash.—Box 172, "The Modern Man" 231, Strand, London.

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Spanish Mahogany Sideboard.—Splendidly carved; length 6ft.; has three drawers and cellaret; will exchange for piano.—Box 179, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

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Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip. Cooke M.D.

LADY POWELL ON "TATCHO."

Torr-Aluinn, Dunoon, N.B.

Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho." It is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily and not perfumed as most lotions are.

Lady Powell

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

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When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Jessie Sykes

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E. Perry Colonel

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

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A Bacot-Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

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I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

T. Wolfe Murray Commander R.N.

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Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

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4/6 Trial Bottle,

TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

M. M. *Dr Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer &c*